The Outlook

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The Aliens Bill in California

Last week the California Assembly passed, with little or no amendment, a bill relating to alien ownership and leasing of land. Another bill, which is less objectionable in form, is still, as we write, before the Senate. Evidently final action will not be taken unless by conference and compromise between the two branches of the Legislature. The Assembly bill provides that an alien may acquire property and hold it for one year, after which it may be taken by the State by a suit brought by the District Attorney or the Attorney-General; to hold property longer than a year, the alien must declare his intention of becoming a citizen; property may not be leased to any alien for a period of more than five years. But the most questionable section of the bill is that which provides that every corporation the majority of the issued capital stock of which is owned by aliens ineligible to become citizens of the United States shall be considered an alien within the meaning of the act. This is regarded by the Japanese as discrimination, for most Californians hold that the Japanese are ineligible to become citizens; on the other hand, it might be argued that if those Japanese who claim that they are eligible are right, and can obtain court decisions to that effect, they obviously have no cause of complaint against the proposed law. Questions of race origin and the definition of race terms, like "Mongolian," are involved. An authoritative finding as to the legal right to become citizens would be of great importance, but would take much time to obtain. The Senate bill limits the power of *all* aliens to hold and lease land, and in terms it promises to protect all treaty rights. This does not discriminate against aliens not eligible to citizenship. Naturally it has called out informal protests from several countries other than Japan. The advocates of the Assembly bill are making much of the assertion that aliens cannot, as a practical matter, buy or lease land in Japan, despite nominal treaty rights, but omit to add that in Japan all aliens are treated alike in this respect, while the proposed bill discriminates against aliens not eligible to naturalization.

Is There Need for Restriction?

A question of fundamental importance is this: Is there such extended alien ownership of land in California as to be, or threaten to become, a public danger or serious detriment? We have seen nothing at all accurate or comprehensive on this subject. When the school-exclusion question came up a few years ago, Mr. George Kennan, in The Outlook, showed by facts and figures that the Japanese school attendance was almost ludicrously small, and that the alleged evil, if it were one at all, was insignificant, with a large political incitement behind the agitation. As to the present matter one Californian paper, the "Argonaut," says: "There is no general movement on the part of Japanese, against whom the bill is especially directed, to acquire lands in California, and if there were, the enactment proposed would not check it. . . . It is just a bit of cheap political buncombe, meaningless and ineffective in itself, useful only in that it may help somebody to get votes under pretense of being a Japanese baiter." At Tokyo last week American residents and Japanese citizens who are members of the Peace Society joined in a resolution urging the California legislators to pause and investigate, and expressing the belief that the bill would impair American prestige, work injustice to the Japanese, and injure commerce. We hope that the people of California will see the justice of having full and fair investigation of the facts and discussion of the principles instead of acting hastily upon a matter which, whatever

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the State's rights may be, is in its nature of National and international importance. In this they should be aided and warned by the authorities at Washington. The theory that the United States Government has no proper part to play when treaty rights of a friendly people are threatened, or even when such a people believe that hostile and offensive action is about to be taken by a State Government, is a theory of weakness and futility. An Administration can at least communicate to the State authorities its views on the questions involved, and, if it sees the State about to violate treaty and friendly relations against such warning, it might well announce in advance its intention to bring the matter by its own Federal District Attorney before the Federal courts for authoritative interpretation. We hope that President Wilson is misquoted in the despatches which represent him as saying that there is nothing to do but pay damages if aliens are mistreated under cover of State law. The Nation as a whole is responsible for the right and fair treatment of foreign citizens in this country, and it has both a right to act and a duty to perform.

The Massachusetts Congressional Election

Last week Mr. John J. Mitchell, a Democrat, was chosen Congressman from the Thirteenth District of Massachusetts, hitherto a Republican stronghold, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Representative Weeks, a Republican, who has now succeeded Senator Crane as United States Senator from Massachusetts. According to the first despatches Mr. Mitchell exceeded his Republican opponent by over forty-one hundred votes, and his Progressive opponent by over seventy-three hundred. But this does not tell the whole story. The Republicans did not go to the polls in very large numbers, and some of them who did go voted for Mr. Mitchell. Moreover, he was greatly assisted by a Republican shoe manufacturer of the district who spoke from the same platform with him during the campaign, and disputed the statement made by the Republicans that free shoes meant the ruin of the shoe industry. A percentage statement of the election gives a fair idea of the conditions of the three political parties in Massachusetts. The Democrats and Progressives lost four or five per cent of the vote polled by each party in the Presidential election last autumn, but the Republicans lost forty-five per cent. The fact that the Progressives maintained their numbers is noteworthy because the Democrats had the prestige of the triumphant party in National affairs. That the Republicans take their defeat very much to heart is indicated by the following excerpt from an editorial in that foremost Republican organ, the New York "Tribune:"

> It is impossible to tell how much the attitude of the Republican reorganization in Massachusetts has had to do with the dissatisfaction with the party which this marked decline in its vote indicates; but the party there has not sought intelligently to win back those who left it in the National election. . . . Postponing reorganization is trifling with a serious situation. The party should be able to enter the important Congressional campaign next year under enlightened leadership, and with a policy that will commend it to the people. . . . The result in Massachusetts should wake the do-nothing leaders to a sense of the folly of merely waiting for victory to fall into the party's hands.

It is also significant that in a State where, if anywhere, there ought to be intelligent opposition to the new tariff bill there is a collapse of such opposition. If this election indicates a general sentiment, the voters in Massachusetts are ready to say that they want the Democratic experiment with the tariff to proceed and be given every chance of success. In the meantime the Progressives have held a meeting of their National Executive Committee in New York, and it is evident that there is to be no let-up in the plans to push forward the programme for which the Progressive party stands.

The Republicans in Open Caucus

Last week we criticised the action of the Democrats in the House of Representatives in refusing to hold an open caucus. Now we may record our cordial commendation of the Republicans in the House who last week, for the first time, it is believed, in the history of the party, held an open caucus, to which press representatives were invited. Thus they follow the example set by the Progressives. The matter considered was the tariff situation; no important result was obtained; the really single important feature of this particular caucus was that it was in fact open, and that it is probably the precursor of other Republican open caucuses. The legislation of the country, as we said last week, is now practically framed in caucus or committee, both of which in the past have been secret; they should be open; for otherwise

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the country is kept in a condition of ignorance as to the progress of public matters about which it should be promptly and fully informed.

Governor Sulzer and Direct Primaries

New York is in some respects one of the most backward States in the Union. Its great mass is hard to move. For years there has been an agitation to reform the primary and election laws of the State. Governor Hughes, who made a vigorous and impressive fight for direct nominations and met with a popular response that was unmistakable, left office without achieving his purpose. Public sentiment, however, was so pronounced that all parties have come to the nominal support of this reform. If the people are competent to select public officers, they are competent to select the nominees for public office. This has ceased to be a partisan question. The political boss, however, has stood against the effort to institute real direct nominations, and, when he has been unable to defeat it by open opposition, has often succeeded by subterfuge. In this respect the machine leaders of both the Democratic and Republican parties have been non-partisan on this question and have joined in frustrating the will of the people at large. The present New York law, which nominally establishes direct nominations, is notorious for its success in thwarting the very objects of real popular primaries. The Democratic leaders in the Legislature have done nothing to indicate that they really mean to give the people the primary law they should have. After sending a message in favor of such a law to the Legislature, Governor Sulzer met in the executive chamber at Albany representatives of the three parties—Democratic, Republican, and Progressive. Ex-Senator Davenport, Chairman of the State Legislative Committee of the Progressive party, and Charles Gibson, Republican, who was prominent in the Hughes campaign for direct nominations, were among those who openly supported this Democratic Governor in his efforts for primary reform. In summoning together in this way men of all parties, Governor Sulzer has taken this question out of politics, and, if he succeeds, no one, whether Republican, Democrat, or Progressive, who believes in the principle of direct nomination, will hesitate to credit him with a fine achievement.

A Demand for Social Justice

Tyranny of the sort that one associates with unlimited monarchies and with feudal lords is no longer to be feared—at least in the United States. There is another kind of tyranny, however. It is the tyranny of unregulated modern industry. It is a tyranny that does not associate itself so much with individual tyrants as with impersonal and remorseless economic laws. In President Wilson's inaugural there appeared this sentence: "There can be no equality of opportunity, the first essential of justice in the body politic, if men and women and children be not shielded in their lives, their very vitality, from the consequences of great industrial and social processes which they cannot alter, control, or singly cope with." Quoting this sentence with a part of its context, thirty men and four women, students of social forces and leaders in social service, have addressed to President Wilson an open letter. It proposes the enactment into law of ten measures of social and industrial liberation. The measures they advocate are these:

Providing compensation for Federal employees suffering injury or occupational diseases in the course of their employment.

Providing compensation for employees in inter-State commerce suffering injury in the course of their employment.

Harmonizing conflicting court decisions in different States by giving the State itself the right of appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Establishing the eight-hour day for women employed in certain occupations in the District of Columbia.

Co-ordinating the Federal health activities and strengthening the Public Health Service.

Providing in the Immigration Act for mental examination of immigrants by alienists; safeguarding the welfare of immigrants at sea by detailing American medical officers and matrons to immigrant-carrying ships.

Providing a hospital ship for American deep-sea fishermen.

Providing for the betterment of the conditions of American seamen.

Establishing a commission to investigate jails and the correction of first offenders.

Abolishing the contract convict labor system by restricting inter-State commerce in prison-made goods.

Of these almost all bear on their face their own significance. The third perhaps calls for some explanation. At present, if the highest court of a State declares a State law unconstitutional, there is no appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. As a consequence, if the victim of industrial injustice in one State is denied relief by the State because

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the highest court in that State has declared that such relief is not in accordance with the Federal Constitution, the victim must suffer without chance of appeal, even though the highest court in the land, the Supreme Court of the United States, has solemnly declared that such relief is entirely Constitutional. These men and women are right in declaring that such a condition ought not to endure. Congress is now busy with the tariff, but there are some things which are much more vital than the tariff, of much more consequence to the great mass of men and women. Among them are some of these measures. Sooner or later—it would be best if it were sooner—the legislators in State and in Nation will have to pay more serious attention to these questions of social justice than they have been wont to do.

Flood Peril on the Mississippi

Anxiety continues to be felt for the safety of the levees along the lower Mississippi. As the crest of the great floods in Ohio and Indiana passed on and down, the danger point continually moved southward. The neighborhood of Memphis in Tennessee was for days threatened, and large forces were put at work along the levees. Then the danger moved down the stream, and Vicksburg and other places on the Mississippi towards New Orleans became endangered. New rains increased the volume of the water, and all through the week serious apprehension continued. There were exciting scenes, and forced work was necessary in many cases. Perhaps the most picturesque incident was a race between the flood and a special train—really a freight train running at express speed—which was sent from Pittsburgh loaded with steel piling for the purpose of strengthening the embankments above New Orleans. As the train ran down the river, it paralleled and finally passed the crest of the rising flood. Other picturesque facts reported during the week were the establishing at Vicksburg of a wireless telegraph system for flood relief work, the giving at Jeffersonville, Indiana, of a dinner to convicts who had aided in rescuing people and property, and the statement that it would cost $600,000 to clean Dayton streets. How serious the flood conditions have been is seen in the fact that a report from a Red Cross representative at Cairo, under date of April 15, stated that the State National Guard and members of the Illinois Naval Reserve were credited with saving two thousand lives in southern Illinois, and that there were fifteen hundred people who would have to be cared for, fed, and guarded from epidemic for at least three weeks. Evidence accumulates to show that the suffering and injury were very far from being exaggerated. We add a graphic passage from a personal letter which has come to us; it was written on April 8 from Dayton by a buyer from a large department store there:

> Everything is ruin and desolation—no words can tell or describe it. It makes the heart die in one's breast. Mr. —— and Mr. —— are working in the mud like heroes—not a bit discouraged—our first floor had twelve feet of water in it—stocks there and in basement almost a complete loss, and all our lovely fixtures ruined, and we were so proud of our store and our lovely city. I'll take Dayton, flood-stricken and ruined as she is, in preference to any other place on earth; but my heart is broken for her. Fire and water have done their worst; only the hills escaped. My flat was not touched—water only came on first floor. My husband turned up Friday morning, after I had given him up for dead. We suffered no privation, only the tense anxiety of the rising water and the fires that raged so near us, and the anxiety for our dear ones. Our store will be bigger and better than ever, and so will Dayton. But, oh! it takes a faith that is sublime to see it, and when I see the ruin everywhere, my heart dies. I am not of little faith, but the hurt of the city hurts me as if she were a human being. We have heat now and gas to cook with, but we've been cooking on camp fires on the river bank. Every one has had plenty to eat, the world was so good and so generous.

Flood Prevention

Governor Cox, of Ohio, reports that, in his judgment, the State's loss from the flood would amount to something like three hundred million dollars, and he advocates legislation which should provide an emergency commission which would be ready to act in the future in cases of flood, to administer the work of reconstruction, and, as Governor Cox says, "to take the whole thing out of the maze and mire of partisan politics." Discussion continues at Washington and in the zone of danger looking toward some National plan for protecting the people from flood in the entire Mississippi River system and its tributaries. A National commission should be appointed to consider the subject. That the National protection of the Mississippi should begin with the tributaries is increasingly evident. The Outlook will at an early date publish a second

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article from its special correspondent in the flooded districts—Mr. Arthur Ruhl—which will not only give a first-hand report of the conditions which followed the flood, but will plainly and clearly explain the origin and progress of the disaster.

The Indispensable Hello-Girl

The impossibilities of yesterday become the indispensable necessities of to-day. For several days earlier in the month the nerves of Greater Boston were in a state of high tension because of fear of losing, even for a few hours, the use of something that a few decades ago would have been regarded as conceivable only in the brain of a teller of fairy tales. This requisite of modern life, the use of which Boston feared it might lose, is the telephone. There was nothing the matter with the telephone itself, of course. The trouble was with the state of mind of a large number of girls. On the willing service of these girls depended the peace of mind of a great city. Every day in Greater Boston there are between a hundred and a hundred and fifty emergency calls for "police," "fire," and "doctor." How many calls there are on which great business transactions depend is unknown and probably unknowable. The suspension of telephone service in such a city as Boston even for five minutes might cause irretrievable damage. The girls who carry on this service had fault to find with some of the conditions of their work. It is well known that these girls work under a certain nervous strain that is probably inherent in the character of their duties. Among the things that they complained of were conditions that increased this nervous strain—heavy penalties for trivial mistakes, certain methods employed in "service tests," etc. Moreover, they complained that the "split trick" system, which divides up the day's work, keeps the operator in town until late at night, and that the practice of allowing the chief operator to settle the grievances of the operators was unsatisfactory. When the danger of a strike was at its height, President Spalding, of the telephone company, imported into Boston operators from New York and other cities. The two parties in the meantime had agreed to confer with the State Board of Conciliation. The importation of these operators, therefore, did not tend to produce good feeling among the employees of the company. The strike, however, was averted, through the influence of the State Board of Conciliation and the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Finally terms of settlement were agreed upon. Of these the most important was the arrangement for a joint committee, consisting of three operators and three representatives of the company, to which all grievances are to be taken. Like the Protocol in the garment workers' arrangement, this is a provision for the settlement of not only present but also future differences. The public, which has become dependent upon public utilities as if they had become permanent provisions of nature, ought not to be placed at the mercy of either the managers or the employees of any private company. There ought to be some way of settling such disputes without the possibility of a strike. If no other way can be devised, the public ownership and operation of such utilities will become inevitable.

A Practical Commencement

The recent Commencement exercises of the Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, clearly demonstrated that, whatever may have been the past mistakes of our Government in its dealings with the Indian, it now realizes the importance of making good citizens of the original Americans and has discovered the way to do it, and that Superintendent Friedman and his large staff have arrived, through long experience and profound study, at the right method of training Indian boys and girls, and through them their parents, to loyal and useful citizenship. Commencement Day was a visible demonstration of methods which, vaguely existing in the dreams of Captain Pratt when thirty-four years ago he brought a group of young Indians to Carlisle for education, have been in process of development ever since. The Outlook has heretofore described the substitution of Commencement demonstrations at Hampton Institute for Commencement speeches. This practice was followed at Carlisle. On the Commencement stage, before an audience of over nine hundred fellow-students and perhaps a thousand friends and well-wishers, selected members of the graduating class, instead of the time-honored Commencement oration, simply told what they knew of the Carlisle methods of training in industry, a little group of classmates meanwhile demonstrating these teachings to the admiring audience. Thus, while one student was ex-

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plaining the principles of sanitation and the need of sanitary homes among Indians no longer nomads, three others were occupied upon the stage in putting up a steam radiator, fitting in a bath-tub, and setting a wash-basin. A group of girl graduates, charmingly dressed in white gowns of their own constructing, made hats, drafted dress patterns, and one actually cut out, basted, and fitted a white waist while the speaker was describing the Carlisle method of instruction in sewing. The farmer and the carpenter followed, the latter exhibiting on the stage a six-foot-high model of a seven-roomed house, with veranda, staircase, closets, and bath, of which he was both architect and builder, and which he intends soon to copy for his own use on his reservation in the West. While the young builder was describing the course in carpentry given in the school, three of his mates were hanging a door, fitting a window, and completing the veranda railing of the attractive model. The most striking testimonial to the School's value came from a Blackfeet chief ninety-three years old. This tribe, notoriously among the most backward and most opposed to education of all our Indians, had been represented during the week by half a dozen chiefs in all the savage bravery of paint, blankets, beads, and feathers, and had more than once expressed their contempt for civilized ways. At the close of this visible demonstration, however, the aged chief, through his interpreter, informed the audience that since this was the meaning of education, he was going home to tell his people to ask for schools and have all their children educated. Statistics show that, far from reverting to tribal ways, of more than 4,000 students who have left the Carlisle School without graduating, 94 per cent are self-supporting, most of them with good homes and money in the bank, while of the 639 graduates only five are not actively useful in some way. More than a fair proportion have taken a university education and are in professional life; hundreds are in positions of trust and honor. Of the whole number about 1,800 are in the Indian service; many are in local, State, or National office. "Four things we inherit from our ancestors," said one speaker—"truthfulness, honesty, sympathy, and the religious instinct." The entire tendency of the Carlisle School is not to eradicate the Indian in the student, but rather to develop him. It is in this direction that reasonable hope exists for the future.

A Hopeful Kind of "Children's Aid"

Not without reason has this been called the children's age. Society has come to realize that not only do "oaks from little acorns grow," but that the training of the seedling is of greater social importance than any amount of belated pruning lavished upon the mature tree. The growth of this feeling is daily manifested, in political platforms, in educational literature, and still more obviously in the friendly intimacy that now prevails between grown-ups and their small wards. The changed attitude and relationship has been beneficial to all concerned. For the parent it has prolonged youth and stimulated imagination, to children it has brought saner methods of education and the priceless dower of sympathetic understanding. A further development of this tendency is presenting itself to public attention with increasing insistence. No longer satisfied with merely attempting to understand the child, we are undertaking the still more difficult, yet no less profitable, task of making the child understand us. Hardly waiting for the invitation, we are asking our Lord Fauntleroys to give us a shoulder at work which we have previously regarded as strictly our own affair. The immediate occasion for this comment is an educational entertainment recently given under the auspices of the Gramercy Neighborhood Association of New York to the school children of its vicinity, with the object, and we hope the result, of enlisting their best interest and efforts in the drastic spring cleaning New York City is about to undergo. Before an audience of boys and girls that filled a big theater to overflowing, three important officials of the city government spent two very busy hours explaining the purpose and methods of the Department of Street Cleaning and the Department of Health. Facts were presented simply and directly, but the speakers wisely made no attempt to "talk down" to the age-level of their unusual (and sometimes restive) audience. That conventional politeness which keeps grown-ups silent during the long-drawn periods of an after-dinner oration had but little effect upon these children. When they were interested, they were "all eyes and ears." When they were not, the speakers must have suspected some of them, at least, of being all hands and feet. "Movies" of street cleaners and health officials at work, and an interesting if obviously didactic picture-drama called "The Street Beautiful," helped

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to hold the children's attention and to drive home the all-important lesson that cleanliness means health. A generation of such exhibitions as this might give us cities free from dirty back yards, rubbish-cluttered closets, and paper-littered streets. Cleanliness is a civic virtue Americans can well afford to cultivate.

New York and Boston Social Exchange

The Inter-City Settlement Conference, held in Boston March 29–31, proved to be full of interest, not only to all social workers, but to the public at large. It turned out to be a clearing-house of vital experiences in which each city contributed much of value to the other. As Robert A. Woods, President of the Boston Social Union, remarked, it was different from the ordinary convention; it was as if a large family had come together to talk things over. In social work, as in the business world, co-operation is the secret of efficiency. "A strong federation of social workers can do much in solving the large social problems of the country by initiating and pushing necessary legislation," said Philip Davis, Director of the Civic Service House of Boston. Dr. Jane Robbins, of the Little Italy Neighborhood House of New York, illustrated the point that social service means good will by the story of a young Italian who, when asked how America was different from other countries, said, "In America everybody try to push you up." The spirit of democracy, shown by the part which the people of the neighborhood take in the settlement, is spreading from settlement to settlement. But the neighborhood is not all—it ought not to absorb the whole attention of the settlement; otherwise, in such a great social crisis as the Lawrence strike, the settlement may utterly fail and be discredited. The work of the settlement, while concerned primarily with the neighborhood, should take into account the big social questions which affect every neighborhood. If guided by a vital and sympathetic consideration of the working people, to whose needs it is especially dedicated, the settlement will keep alive the true spirit of American democracy.

"The Music Makers"

Not monarchs or presidents, not great generals or great admirals, but poets, singers, dreamers, are the masters of the world, the molders of empire. That is the burden of an ode by Arthur O'Shaughnessy, which has been set to music for chorus, contralto solo, and orchestra, by Sir Edward Elgar:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems."

It is a fine conception, essentially true, which has been wrought out in this and the eight following stanzas; and Sir Edward Elgar has made his music a dramatic and emotional response to the ideas of the poet. Last week on Wednesday evening "The Music Makers" was performed—for the first time in America—in New York City, by the Columbia Festival Chorus, conducted by Mr. Walter Henry Hall, and on Thursday evening in Boston by the Cecilia Society, conducted by Dr. Arthur Mees. This latest choral work of Elgar's is a fine product of the genius that has led the revival of the creative side of musical art in England. In both thematic material and in treatment it is characteristic of the composer. In some respects music seems to be the projection of personality. As some people find a personality congenial, while others find that same personality uncongenial, so there are some people who hear nothing special or distinctive or alluring in Sir Edward's most characteristic work, while others find something haunting about his themes and recognize his touch when they hear one of his new works. To those who rejoice in the Elgaresque this choral work will be very welcome. It is unmistakably Elgar. It could be nobody else. Sir Edward disregards conventions, but never simply because he wants to be unconventional. If he uses a whole tone progression, or indulges in a succession of parallel fifths, he does so because that is the way he thinks at that particular time, and because that particular passage fits in with his total purpose to create something beautiful. Like the true musician that he is, he has, in this work, considered the nature of his instrument. He has made his chorus parts vocal and singable, and has left to the orchestra the duty of enveloping them in color.

Elgar's Self-Quotation

One interesting feature of "The Music Makers" deserves special mention. In the course of this work Sir Edward Elgar has three times at least quoted himself. Within

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a very few measures of the close, to the words, "A singer who sings no more," he quotes a motive from his own former choral work "The Dream of Gerontius." It is plain to see the appropriateness of this quotation, for in the original it occurs associated with the Latin words *novissima hora est* (it is the last hour). The other quotation is a bit more puzzling. It first occurs at the words at the end of the first stanza, "It seems." It is the theme of his own so-called Enigma Variations—or at least it seems to be the theme, for it is said that in the Variations the theme itself does not really appear! The second time this quotation occurs it takes the form of the Ninth Variation, which Sir Edward has called "Nimrod," and is supposed to be the musical portrait of one of his friends. This variation Sir Edward quotes in full, but with some change, at the words in the ode:

"But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart:
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart."

Whatever Sir Edward's purpose in doing this might have been, it is a splendid, stirring theme. A word should be said as to the New York performance. The chorus is made up of the local choruses formed in connection with the Columbia University extension teaching. Its singing was admirable. Mr. Hall, who has within the last few days been made Professor of Choral and Church Music in Columbia University, not only mastered his forces, but infused them with spirit. The results that he obtained with the orchestra, collected from various sources, as well as with his three hundred amateur singers, demonstrated his skill and musicianly qualities as a conductor.

The Belgian Suffrage Strike

Belgium is an anomaly. It is probably the most up-to-date industrial country in the world, but politically it is archaic. Every Belgian citizen over twenty-five years of age who has lived a year in the same district has a vote. Every Belgian citizen over thirty-five years of age, married or a widower with children, who pays at least a dollar a year in house tax, has a second vote. So has every citizen over twenty-five years of age who owns property valued at not less than four hundred dollars, or who for two years has derived at least twenty dollars a year from Belgian bonds. Extra votes are given to those who have received diplomas showing higher instruction or to those who have filled Government offices. But no person has more than three votes. The result of this system is interesting. According to the latest reports, the number of voters casting votes for the lower house of the Belgian Parliament was about a million seven hundred thousand. Of these the million had one vote, nearly four hundred thousand two votes, and about three hundred thousand three votes. The total number of votes from the two latter classes, therefore, exceeded by seven hundred thousand that of the one-ballot voters. Nor is this all. The majority in the Belgian Parliament is made up of the so-called Clericals—the Church party. These largely represent the agricultural population. But Belgium is emphatically industrial rather than agricultural, and it is no wonder that the industrial workers, largely Socialists in politics, have rebelled, not against their employers, but against the suffrage system. About four hundred thousand men have now gone out on what is called "a universal strike." The mining, iron-working, quarrying, and glass-making industries are those most affected. So far it has been a rebellion without bloodshed, just as its leaders prophesied it would be. An interesting feature of the strike, and one hitherto, we believe, unknown, is reported by the Paris "Temps," namely, the organization at Brussels and other large towns of a number of literary, musical, and theatrical entertainments for the strikers, so as to keep them away from the saloons and off the streets. We shall be curious to know whether the majority of the strikers have a sufficient degree of culture to be appealed to by this ingenious and commendable innovation.

Alfonso of Spain

For the seventh time in his reign, King Alfonso of Spain has narrowly escaped assassination. The latest attempt was made by an Anarchist who last week at Madrid fired at the monarch. The King was riding along the Calle de Alcalá, one of the principal streets of the capital, on his return from swearing in the army recruits. A man sprang from the sidewalk, seized the bridle of the King's horse with one hand and presented a revolver with the other. Alfonso took in the situation at a glance. Instantly he dug his spurs into his horse, and the animal reared violently. This saved the King's life. Instead of burying itself in the King's breast, the bullet

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struck the horse's neck. Before the King's assailant was able to pull the trigger again, a secret service agent sprang upon him; but the Anarchist managed to free his revolver arm and fired two more shots in rapid succession. The officer had, however, knocked his hand aside, and the bullets harmlessly flew through the air. The man was then overpowered and handcuffed. As soon as he saw this, the King raised himself in the stirrups, turned to the crowd, gave a military salute, and shouted in a ringing voice, "Viva España!" (Long live Spain!). To which the people responded by a shout of "Viva el rey!" (Long live the King!). Alfonso then reassured his staff, saying, "It is nothing, gentlemen." Then up rose a roar from the people which rolled along in great waves of sound as the King rode to the palace, cool and smiling, for the youthful monarch is a favorite with the Spaniards. From his very birth he awakened a romantic interest, for he was born after the death of his father, Alfonso XII. The fragile physique of the young prince's early years made him a pathetic figure, and this impression was deepened because during that time the throne was threatened, now by Carlists, now by Republicans, as it has not been threatened since. The King's life was spared, though a thousand plots existed for his undoing. In this latest attempt Alfonso's demeanor proves once again, as it has before, that he regards such attempts as part of the business of being a king. He said on a previous similar occasion, "I am safe to-day, but some day they will get me." Like the late King of Greece, so the young King of Spain would doubtless also write: "It is preferable that the King should suffer rather than his country. The interests of the people of the country must always be placed before all other interests." Yet an Anarchist murdered King George of Greece as an enemy of the people; and on the very day when the King's will containing the above words was made public, another Anarchist tried to murder the King of Spain, who is guided by the same principle.

Papal Possibilities

The Pope's very serious illness has raised, in the minds of people outside as well as within the Roman Catholic Church, the question, Who is likely to be his successor? Of course the most prominent figure among the Cardinals is that of Cardinal Rampolla. When Leo XIII died, it was expected that he would be chosen Pope. Indeed, he received, as reported, no less than sixty-two votes, ample enough to have secured the tiara for him, had it not been for the opposition of Austria. As Rampolla was believed to be friendly to France and proportionately unfriendly to Germany, it was deemed that his accession to power might constitute a danger to the continuance of the Triple Alliance in Germany, Austria, and Italy. But there is no longer danger of such action by any one state in case Rampolla should again become a formidable candidate. Pope Pius X issued an edict shortly after his election abolishing the rights of veto formerly enjoyed by the Governments of Spain, France, and Austria, and also imposing a penalty of excommunication upon any Cardinal who might venture to bring forward the pretensions of any foreign power to influence the election of a candidate for the Papacy. Cardinal Rampolla is well known as having been Leo XIII's Secretary of State. He is a Sicilian, and in his own right is the Marquis del Tindaro. He is a man of commanding physical presence, and his conduct of his office during the reign of the late Pope was such as to show to the world his statesmanlike ability. Another member of the Sacred College who is spoken of as a candidate is Cardinal Gotti. He is the Prefect of the Propaganda. He has been General of the Order of Carmelite monks. He is a man of humble birth but of great spiritual force. Another candidate often spoken of is Cardinal Ferrata. His record is that of a successful man in the diplimatico-ecclesiastical world. He has been stationed at Berne, Brussels, and Paris, and in each capital proved himself an able and successful negotiator. A more important candidate than the two foregoing is Cardinal Vannutelli, who enjoys the present Pope's special confidence and is supposed to reflect his policy. Cardinal Vannutelli came to this country recently to preside over the great ecclesiastical gathering at Montreal. The so-called "American Cardinals" come next in interest—Cardinal Martinelli and Cardinal Falconio. Each of them spent several years at Washington as papal delegate and became popular in this country. If the Italian Government had the naming of the next Pope, it might choose Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan. As was the case with Cardinal Sarto, who became Pope Pius X, Cardinal Ferrari enjoys in exceptional degree

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the Italian Government's good will. In addition, the Cardinal has already shown himself a particularly able administrator.

Religion in Germany

German religious journals, according to the London "Christian World's" correspondent, are lamenting that unbelief has gained ground in Germany, that religion in the family and family worship have become practically nonexistent, and that parents have for the most part become indifferent to the religious training of children. In Berlin it is said to be not unusual for parents to try to resell the Bibles they had been obliged to buy for their children's use preparatory to confirmation in the State Church. Once confirmed, they had no further use for Bibles. A secular journal in one of the Rhine provinces says: "Our family life is becoming more raw and immature. The old affections which characterized our race are rapidly disappearing. Instead, we have parents with no conception of their duty as moral guides, and children who resent all discipline, all parental control, and are taught by example to be self-indulgent, and to follow pleasure and gain as the aim and object of life." A Berlin pastor was recently haled to court by angry parents for chastising their boys for using vile language to him in their confirmation class. Entire districts are reported where it is all but impossible to find young men for ordination to the ministry. In consequence, home missionary effort in South Germany is almost at a standstill. Such is the shrinkage of divinity students that a South German journal predicts that, if it goes on for five years more at the present rate, there will be none left in any Protestant university in Germany. The decline is in part due to the fact that theological teaching is dominated by modern scientific thought. In the resulting antagonism between the orthodox and liberal parties in the Church the orthodox party has thus far prevailed. Its religious interest seems mainly conspicuous in heresy trials.

What Professor Harnack Says

With regard to these statements the well-known authority, Dr. Adolf Harnack, Professor of Church History at the University of Berlin, writes to The Outlook as follows:

> Such general judgments as the above, concerning present religious and social conditions of any nation, are indisputably and scientifically almost worthless. They are based upon a few observations in certain great cities. But what significance has that with regard to a nation of sixty-five million souls? It is a fact that the study of theology in Germany is increasing. It is a fact that religious interest, the study of religious questions, and an earnest idealism—as opposed to materialistic and skeptical views—are also increasing. It seems to me also to be a fact that with Protestants ecclesiasticism is declining. But ecclesiasticism in Protestant Germany has not the same significance for religion as in England and America.

This is confirmed by Herr von Chappius, Under-Secretary in the Ministry of Education and Worship, and by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Dickie, formerly pastor of the American Church in Berlin, and who still resides there. So far from there being a lack of religious progress in Germany, Dr. Dickie declares that in no country, so far as he knows, has religion made as much progress in winning the hearts and influencing the lives of the people. With regard to church attendance Dr. Dickie notes an increase, and with regard to the home missionary zeal "a marvelous increase," while "a very notable foreign missionary spirit has secured and is constantly securing the gifts of rich and poor." The Students' Forward Movement for the Evangelization of the World has taken deep root. The work of both the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association is carried on in every large German city, as is also the work of Christian hostels and hospices. With regard to the falling off of the sales of Bibles, Dr. Dickie declares that this is no more typical of Germany than our train robberies in America are typical of our civilization. As to the number of candidates for the ministry, we learn that there are at present over 4,200 candidates, 2,600 Protestant and 1,600 Catholic. The shadows may seem dark if one thinks of the dogged resistance of ecclesiasticism to certain progressive movements in Germany in general and in Prussia in particular. However, the very fact that there are discussions shows that there is an interest in religion.

Arbor Day

Arbor Day has become an important day to American school children. In its beginning the day was little more than an occasion for the planting of a tree. But to-day, as the "Arbor Day Annual" of the New York State Department of Education says, the day is closely in touch with the whole out-of-door movement. A similar statement comes from the United States Forest Service. "The planting of a

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few trees," it says, "without reference to the commercial utility and protective value of forests, is but a small part of the work of the day." Other topics, the Forest Service pertinently suggests, should be brought to the child's attention on Arbor Day besides tree-planting. For instance, let him think of the backwardness of life without the material supplied only by the forests. With the exception of clothing, most articles in common use, the Forest Service declares, are made of wood alone or of wood in combination with metal. The value of wood may be an Arbor Day lesson. Of course the value of the forests should be as much a lesson, and just now we have the frightful floods in the West to add impressiveness to that lesson. Every one has seen a muddy freshet, the stream discolored by the earth gathered from the soil. The freshet rushes over exposed ground where no forest is at hand to hinder or hold it. Every year the Mississippi River tears down and flings into its bed more soil than is taken out to make the Panama Canal. Then there is the lesson of flowers and seeds—appropriate just now when blossoms are bursting on elm and maple. And the mention of elm and maple brings to mind a valuable hint in the "Arbor Day Annual" concerning the kind of trees to be planted. They should not be those that grow quickly but are weak—such as poplars, silver maples, and box elders. As a general rule, the best thing is to select trees from the locality in which the school is situated. By so doing interest is aroused in the important species and their habits in any given section. Outside the scope of the actual planting, it is well to bear in mind, as the United States Forest Service warns, that Arbor Day is not the only day in the year in which trees deserve to be remembered and cared for. They need care throughout the season. To watch the planting thrive under right treatment "greatly adds to the educational value of the work," declares the Forest Service, "and to its success, which should be its best lesson."

A Peripatetic Picture

Among the allegorical works painted by the late George Frederick Watts, none is more beautiful and inspiring than "Love and Life." He painted the picture in 1884 and presented it to the American Government for the White House as a tribute of his esteem and respect for the United States. Watts himself regarded this picture with great satisfaction. He said, as reported, "Probably 'Love and Life' best portrays my message to the age. Life, represented by the female figure, never could have reached such heights unless protected and guided by Love. . . . That slight figure is an emblem of the fragile quality in humanity, at once its weakness and its strength. . . . Aided by Love . . . humanity ascends the rugged path from brutality to spirituality." The canvas was accepted by virtue of a special act of Congress. This occurred during Mr. Cleveland's administration. President Cleveland yielded to the force of an opinion which at that time was widespread regarding the nude in art, and stored the picture for many months in the cellar of the White House, thus causing much chagrin to the artist donor. It was finally sent to the Corcoran Art Gallery. There, of course, it became an obect of pilgrimage on the part of art-lovers in general and admirers of Watts in particular. When Mr. Roosevelt became President, Mrs. Roosevelt ordered the art exile returned to the White House. This was done, but as it was thought that the successors of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, whoever they might be, might not care for the picture, Mrs. Roosevelt agreed that it should be sent back to the Corcoran Gallery on the last day of her residence in the White House. The picture was therefore returned on March 3, 1909, to the Gallery. President and Mrs. Taft never requested to have it brought back, so far as is known, and perhaps they never knew of the incident in regard to it. When President and Mrs. Wilson arrived in Washington, they heard that the picture had been intended for the White House, and asked to have it returned. It now hangs in the President's study. Let us hope that it will always remain in the White House, as was intended by the artist donor. But whether there or in the Corcoran Art Gallery, the noble picture will always preach a noble lesson, namely, that Love can help Life up the steepest hill.

Military Aeronautics

Aerial exploitation on behalf of the United States War Department is carried on at aviation schools at Augusta, Georgia; College Park, Maryland; and San Diego, California. The Government possesses twelve aeroplanes, and an equal number are now under course of construction. Six army officers hold pilot's licenses, and so far only commissioned officers

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have operated aeroplanes, although enlisted men are used as assistants and mechanics. For the current year $100,000 has been appropriated for aerial experiments, and it is expected that very considerable advancement will be made. The Navy Department, with its school at Annapolis, possesses four hydroplanes, and has two flying boats under construction. The attitude of the army officers was significantly stated a short time ago by Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss in the "Infantry Journal." "In these days of aerial reconnaissance," he wrote, "requiring instant and rapid movement of all parts of an army, there seems something incongruous in field problems in which such irreconcilable factions enter as air scouts moving sixty miles an hour and armies moving at four miles a day." But the reconciliation of the factions has been entered upon. The feats of the aviators in the Balkans have made their impressions on the military authorities of all countries, and have quickened the public pulse to the drastic possibilities of this mode of warfare. This year appropriations have been greatly increased in this country, as well as in the foremost nations in Europe and in Japan, and when the history of the forthcoming year is written, many aerial achievements along military lines may be recorded.

THE INCOME TAX

With changes in the conception of government ought to come changes in the conception of taxation.

When the idea of government was embodied in a powerful king demanding service from his lieges and subjects, it was right to regard taxation as a tribute exacted by the power of the monarch. It was also right to say that in return for such exactions the monarch was under obligation to provide some measure of protection to the nobles who were subordinate to him, and to the mass of his subjects. This, however, ought not to be the conception of taxation in free America. Here we do not associate the idea of government with an overlord. Instead, government is the collective action of a self-controlled people.

It was natural and not essentially wrong for a monarch who sustained himself by power to exact from his subjects their tribute in accordance with their means. Indeed, there was an essential element of justice in so doing. If taxation is tribute, then those should be made to pay most who have the largest store.

It is because the old idea of a tax as a tribute still hangs about taxation in a free Republic that there is thought to be something essentially just in an income tax levied on incomes without any distinction as to their source. Taxation in the United States, however, should not be regarded as a tribute. It ought to be regarded primarily as the appropriation by the people of what really belongs to them.

In so far as government assumes the form of business operations—as it does, for example, in supplying people with light or heat or water or transportation—the element of payment for service rendered might possibly enter into taxation. It is not always possible to separate taxation from the payment of rates in return for public service. But in its essence it ought to be regarded as the selection out of the total wealth of that which belongs to the people in mass instead of individuals. There are certain values that are created distinctly by the labor and industry of the individual. There are other values that are created by the movement of the people and by their collective action. That form of taxation most nearly approaches what is just which succeeds most nearly in distinguishing those values that are created by the individual from those values that are created by the mass of people, and devoting the community-created values to public purposes.

In the light of this general principle, an income tax which levies as high a rate upon the man who earns a wage or a salary as it does upon a man who derives his income from the increase in the value of real estate does not approach equity.

In the light of the principle that any tax beyond the appropriation by the public of whatever belongs to them should consist of payment for service rendered, an income tax which levies as high a rate upon the wage or salary as it does upon the increase in real estate is not equitable, for the service which is rendered to the person, whether he be rich or poor, varies slightly, while the service which the Government renders to the man of great property is very much larger than the service which the Government renders to the man of little property.

The proposed income tax provisions embodied in the Underwood Bill are not framed according to the theory that a tax is the

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appropriation by the people of what belongs to them, or that it is a fair return for the service which the people as a whole render to the taxpayer.

We shall hereafter refer to the income tax more in detail. We here simply enunciate the general principles. Taxation is justifiable upon two grounds: First, as the appropriation by the whole community of property values which have been created by the whole community; and, second, as return by the individual for services rendered to him by the community. The best measure of what the individual should pay to the community under both of these categories is to be found, not in the extent of his ability to contribute, but in the value of the property which he owns. In brief, in the application of these principles we can here repeat the general rule we laid down three and a half years ago: "Property, not persons, should pay the taxes, and the taxes should be proportioned, not to the ability of the person to pay, but to the value of the property."

FITNESS OR WEALTH?

Shall none but comparatively rich men represent the United States at foreign capitals? Is this democracy to perpetuate conditions which practically limit the President in his selection of Ministers and Ambassadors to a relatively small class, and that by no means the most democratic of classes?

On another page we print an article discussing these questions by Mr. Henry White, whose long experience in the diplomatic service as Secretary of Legation and Ambassador has given him ample opportunity to learn what the inevitable demands of the service are.

With the beginning of each new Administration this question raises its head. Only men with independent incomes can afford to accept diplomatic appointments to the great capitals of the world. The salaries of our Ambassadors are too small. Without an independent income the man who goes as Ambassador to London, to Paris, to Berlin, finds it well-nigh impossible to live as the American Ambassador should live if he is to uphold the dignity and the prestige of the American people.

If report is to be credited—and it so coincides with probability that there is no reason to doubt it—President Wilson finds himself confronted with this vexing problem. Much as he might wish to appoint men of modest means to important diplomatic posts, he cannot do it. They cannot afford to accept.

That the new Ambassador at the Court of St. James's is not known as a man of great wealth, as was his predecessor, has occasioned surprise and comment. The very fact of this surprise shows how far we have departed from what ought to be the American standard. The appointment of men of moderate means ought to be a matter of course, arousing no more comment than the election of a Governor or a President who is not a rich man.

Before this problem the President is helpless. Only Congress can solve it; and Congress will never solve it while it prefers a glittering but specious theory to hard fact.

Democratic simplicity is an admirable ideal. Doubtless the nearer American representatives abroad can approach that ideal the better. But just as man cannot live in human society with comfort for himself and consideration for others without observing the basic conventions of society, so a nation cannot move in international society without observing its essential conventions.

The American Minister to a European capital need not vie with his confrères in the diplomatic corps in the splendor of his entertainments. But if he were to ignore the customs of the social world in which he must move, and noticeably to depart from its conventional standards, not only he but his country would suffer in reputation. He himself might conceivably be forgiven on the ground of eccentricity. A great nation cannot afford to be eccentric.

There is another unfortunate result of our refusal to face the facts in regard to our diplomatic service. A very rich man in a diplomatic post may set a standard of living to which any probable successor will find it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to attain. After Dorchester House any ambassadorial residence which the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's is likely to have can hardly fail to suffer by comparison. An American Ambassador ought not to be compelled to dread comparison with his predecessor in the matter of the accompaniments of his official and social life.

What is the solution? A simple one, which we can adopt as soon as we are willing to recognize facts and throw away theories that are unworkable: Standardize the condi-

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tions of living of our diplomatic representatives, and make it possible for each Ambassador to live up to the standard without drawing upon his own resources.

The fathers solved the problem with regard to the President. The only change that has needed to be made since is to recognize the fact that the President of ninety million people and a world power, in a time when the cost of living has enormously increased, must spend more money than the President of five million people and a country isolated from contact with world problems.

The President lives in the White House. The scale of living in the White House is practically uniform. A President with ample resources and a lavish bent might expand the scale a little. A President without independent income and with a frugal mind might contract it a little. But any extended departure from the scale is practically impossible. The living of our Presidents is standardized. The Nation pays the bills.

We can apply the solution of the fathers to the problem of to-day. A "little White House," owned by the Nation, in every important capital of the world, would standardize the living of our Ambassadors. Each successive Ambassador would live in the same surroundings and on substantially the same scale. The ownership of such an embassy in each capital would make it easy to estimate what the Ambassador's living would cost, and diplomatic salaries could be based upon facts and not upon attractive but doubtful theories. It is as unwise as it is unfair to make men pay for the privilege of serving their country in the diplomatic service.

The relief from the necessity of spending a good proportion of his salary in rent would go far to make it possible for any man, regardless of his personal income, to accept an appointment. Ambassadors could be chosen primarily for fitness rather than primarily for wealth. The democratic ideals of equality of opportunity and of selection for office by fitness and merit would, in one field at least, be in a fair way to be realized.

If our purpose is to get for each diplomatic post the best man available, we should not narrow the limits of availability by a money requirement. The United States cannot have the best possible Ambassadors so long as it can have only Ambassadors who must supplement their salaries from their private incomes.

A WISE DECISION

The New York "Sun" reports that last week four theological students "who admitted upon examination that they wanted more evidence before they could credit the Virgin Birth of Jesus Christ" were licensed to preach by the New York Presbytery, the vote, as reported by the "Sun," being 71 in favor to 10 against granting the license. We hope that this may be taken to indicate a tendency in the Church not to attach a greater importance to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth than the Bible attaches to it.

To license a theological student is to declare that he is fitted to be a preacher of the Gospel. It is certain that a man may be fitted to be a preacher of the Gospel who never refers in his sermons to the Virgin Birth. The Apostles were great preachers, and they never referred to the Virgin Birth. Jesus Christ is the ideal preacher of Christian history, and he never referred to the Virgin Birth. We wonder how many who read this article ever heard any preacher refer in his sermons to the Virgin Birth.

It is clearly not necessary to preach on the Virgin Birth in order to preach effectively.

A recent writer has pointed out the undoubted fact that the Virgin Birth is not the cause of Christ's divinity. It is only an evidence for his divinity. One may believe in the divinity and not believe in that special evidence.

The divinity of Christ is a spiritual truth. It does not depend upon a physiological fact.

Jesus Christ has himself pointed out the twofold evidence on which he would have his Church base its faith in his divinity: "Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very work's sake."

The first evidence for his divinity is his character.

The second evidence is the history of Christianity—that is, the history of what has been his influence on the life of the world.

Whenever the Church substitutes for this twofold argument an argument based on a disputed event in remote history, it weakens the faith it wishes to establish.

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AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES ABROAD

BY THE HON. HENRY WHITE

FORMERLY AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

In response to the request of the Editors of The Outlook, Mr. White, one of the most experienced of American diplomats, has prepared the following statement of his views as to the proposed purchase or erection of houses in the various capitals of the world for the use of our Embassies and Legations. An editorial based upon the recent discussion of this subject will be found elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

I AM distinctly of the opinion, after a diplomatic experience, ranging from Second Secretary to Ambassador, of more than a quarter of a century, that the difficulty which the President is finding in obtaining men of moderate means to take charge of our important Embassies can be overcome in no other way than by the purchase or erection of suitable houses for our Embassies.

Under present conditions those whom our Government accredits as Ambassadors, and as Ministers to countries such as the Argentine Republic, Spain, and one or two others, are, unless they be possessed of ample private means, heavily handicapped in the maintenance of their country's dignity (not their own, which depends upon themselves, wherever and however they live), and consequently in the furtherance of its interests. Not only are their salaries less than half as large as those paid to Ambassadors of other Powers in the same capitals, but they are deprived of the benefit of the greater part even of these meager salaries by the necessity of deducting therefrom the exorbitant rentals demanded and obtained of late years in the leading European capitals, and at Buenos Aires, for houses which, even if they can be found, are usually unsuitable for an Embassy. Other great Powers, besides allowing their diplomatic representatives ample salaries, furnish them with residences in the Embassy houses which those Powers maintain permanently; not exclusively, nor even primarily, as "homes" for Ambassadors, but for the proper housing of their archives, for offices or chanceries suitable for the transaction of the diplomatic business of one great nation in the capital of another. These residences are sufficiently large to lodge the Ambassador and his immediate family, and to provide him with apartments suitable for the return of the hospitality which he receives, as well as for the reception and frequently the entertainment of those among whom his work is to be carried on. The latter category, be it added, is usually very numerous in the case of any Ambassador, but much more so for the American than for the others, owing to the constantly increasing number of his compatriots who reside or travel abroad, either of his acquaintance or of those who bring him letters of introduction which he cannot and would not wish to ignore.

Except in London, where large houses may be rented furnished without great difficulty, if the amount of the rental is no obstacle, it is practically impossible in the important European capitals for any one, however high a rental he may be able and willing to pay, to find furnished houses for rent, particularly at short notice. Owners of houses suitable for an Embassy on the Continent may frequently be induced to sell them, but they are scarcely ever willing to rent such houses, furnished or unfurnished, and still less are they willing to do so for brief periods.

Our unfortunate representatives in the great capitals, instead of being able to turn their attention to their duty, are obliged to begin house-hunting. Of course the Ambassador or Minister can take only one house, and in so doing he begins his career by disappointing and often antagonizing the friends of all the other house-owners.

The other great Powers protect their representatives from any such humiliating conditions by the maintenance of Embassy and Legation houses which are the concrete embodiment, in the capitals wherein they are situated, of the dignity of the nations to which they belong and of the importance such nations attach to the maintenance of a dignified representation abroad.

Ambassadors come and go. Some of them are better known than others; but except in England, where the American

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Ambassador is always a personage of eminence whose name is generally known throughout the country, the names of Ambassadors—not only the American, but all others—are not usually very generally known by the public of the countries to which they are officially accredited. The Embassy house remains, however, with the arms of the nation to which it belongs over the entrance gate and its flag flying over the building, and it is as well known to the public of the capital in which it is situated as is the residence of the Sovereign or Chief Magistrate.

Great Britain and Prussia recognized the importance of owning Embassy houses nearly a hundred years ago, when, upon the fall of the first Napoleon, they bought the beautiful houses and gardens which still represent the dignity—and materially contribute to the success of the diplomacy—of the British and German Empires in France. Other great Powers have long since followed their example, and practically all of them, except the United States, own, or hold on long leases, their Embassy and Legation houses, most of which have turned out to be profitable real estate transactions and are worth many times the amounts originally paid for them.

Washington is no exception to this rule. Up to the close of our Civil War the great Powers—Great Britain and France especially—being uncertain as to the stability of the United States as a single nation, usually rented houses for their Legations, as they then were; we were not until after the war considered of sufficient importance as a World Power to be allowed to send or receive Ambassadors.

But shortly after the war was over, Great Britain bought the property in Connecticut Avenue, which has increased enormously in value since then, and upon which the Embassy house still stands. Germany has owned two houses successively: the first a Legation; the second, considerably larger, is still the Embassy; but of such importance does Germany consider a suitable house to the furtherance of her interests in the United States and to the dignity, not only of the Empire, but of the country to which the Washington Embassy is accredited, that the erection of a new house at a cost of about half a million dollars is shortly to begin upon an extensive piece of land which was bought for the purpose some years ago. France also has bought a large lot of ground with a view to the erection at an early date of a large Embassy house, for which several designs have already been made. The Italian Government has for a number of years owned its Embassy house; Russia has been for some time considering the purchase for that purpose of a very fine house recently built here; and Austria-Hungary, which has owned its house for some time past, is about to buy another and much larger one for its Washington Embassy.

It has long been a matter of amazement to intelligent foreigners, and to the majority of our own people who travel, that the United States, which provides for the dignity of the Nation in a manner so admirable at home, should have failed up to the present time to do so abroad.

The present situation in that respect is much as it would be at home were the President obliged, upon the assumption of his great office, as the Vice-President is now doing, to take up his quarters at a hotel and begin house-hunting in Washington; only in some respects his position would be better than that of our foreign representatives, because at least the President speaks the language and knows the ways and many of the people of this country, which is usually not the case with our representatives abroad, except as regards England to a certain extent. And it may be well to point out that, with the exception of the President and Vice-President, our Ambassadors and Ministers are the only officials of our Government who represent the whole Nation.

Fortunately, the National indifference upon this important question seems likely to come to an end, and the public is beginning to discover that there must be something wrong about a system of representation which proclaims to the world that it is impossible in the greatest of all democracies for any man, however able and in every respect desirable he may be otherwise, to represent that democracy abroad unless he is possessed of a large fortune.

Bills have recently been introduced in the Senate and House of Representatives by Senator Bacon and Mr. Henry, respectively, for the leasing and furnishing of Embassy and Legation houses at the various capitals of the world immediately, with an additional provision tending towards the purchase or erection gradually of Embassy buildings. It is earnestly to be hoped that these bills will pass.

Their object is to provide without delay

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such houses as may be obtainable temporarily and until suitable permanent official residences can be bought or built for the proper shelter of our diplomatic archives, our Embassy and Legation offices, and suitable residential quarters for the chief of each Embassy and Legation.

This course is infinitely preferable to the passage of a bill providing for the immediate purchase of houses at amounts not to exceed a certain limit. The result of this would be that every one owning a house and willing to dispose of it would be certain to ask the full limit which such a bill would enable him to know that our Government had authorized; whereas frequently such owners are willing to sell their houses, especially for ready money when actually offered to them, at a much lower figure than originally asked. When, therefore, the time comes for such purchases, it will be necessary, if Congress wishes to save money for the Nation, to trust the discretion and honesty of the Secretary of State and of other officials whom they may appoint and should authorize to buy or build houses upon the best terms obtainable in the various foreign cities.

Much has been said and written of late, and previously, as to the possibility of our representatives being able and even compelled to live upon their present salaries; also as to the cost of houses, and particularly as to the impropriety of our Government's owning houses of more than a certain value, the limit being usually about one-half (or less) of the amount at which any suitable house can be bought in the larger capitals of the world. It has frequently been stated that no American representative abroad should live in a $300,000 or a $400,000 house, those making such suggestions being apparently unaware that the value of a house in proportion to its size depends entirely upon the city and upon the location in that city of the land on which it is built. A $300,000 house in many provincial and in some capital cities would be a very large building, much larger than could possibly be required for Embassy purposes, whereas a house of that value and even more in certain parts of Fifth Avenue, New York, and in the best situations in Paris or London or Rome with which I am personally familiar, would not be at all too large and probably not large enough, as it must be remembered that office room is required in the more important Embassies for three official Secretaries, a Military and a Naval Attaché, the Ambassador's private Secretary, and one or two clerks and messengers. Therefore it is impossible to fix the size of an Embassy house by its cost, which is likely to vary in different capitals, of which Buenos Aires is one of the most expensive as regards land values, which have risen enormously in recent years.

The size of houses occupied by Ambassadors varies also in the different capitals. In Paris and Rome they are larger than in London, and are also surrounded by gardens which add considerably to their importance, and also to the value of the land they occupy.

Reference has also been made to the democratic simplicity practiced by the illustrious Franklin and also by Jefferson when representing the United States in France. On this subject I would say that I doubt if a diplomatist has ever lived who attached as much importance as Franklin did, or derived more success therefrom than he, to cultivating the acquaintance of those among whom he was representing his country. He lived in an excellent house and must have entertained at dinner, inasmuch as it was, if my memory does not fail me, at one of his dinners that the news of Burgoyne's surrender was received, some of the guests rushing off immediately to acquaint the Court at Versailles of the news, which had such momentous results for this country in the action which the French Government thereupon proceeded to take. With respect to Jefferson, I have always understood that he not only built himself a large and beautiful house at Monticello, but that he kept it open there year in and year out to such an extent that his fortune was considerably impaired thereby. It is not necessary for an Ambassador or a private individual even who entertains, to do so "lavishly," but he must be in a position to do so comfortably and without considering every cent which he spends, and this is what no Ambassador in the service of the United States without an ample income of his own can do now. Consequently, no man of moderate or small means, who knows what he is about, will assume the responsibility of being the means of lowering the dignity of his country by accepting duties the expenses of which that country ought to—but will not—defray; expenses which, in the case of all his colleagues at the same post, are defrayed by the nations which they respectively represent and which he is unable to pay out of his own limited resources.

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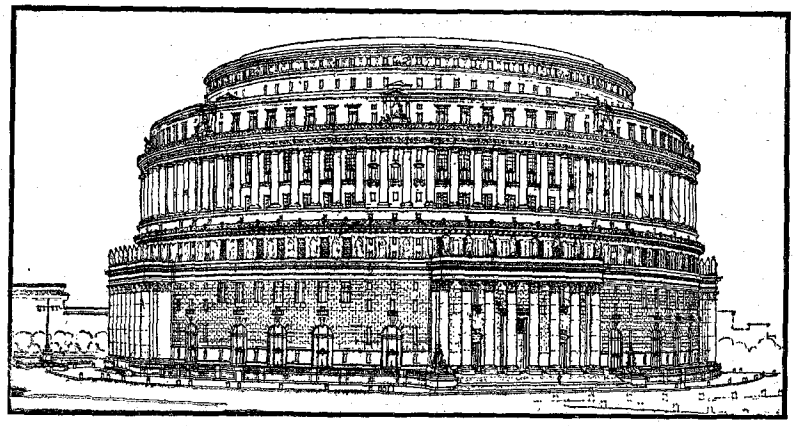
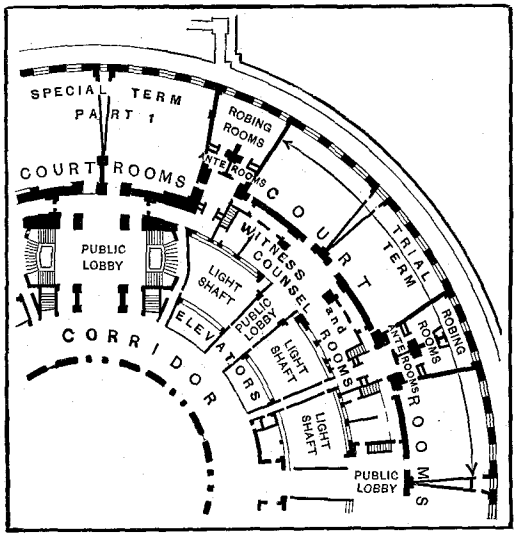
THE NEW COURT HOUSE



IS New York City to have a Roman Coliseum? At first it may appear so to those who look at the reproductions of the architect's designs. But the building here shown is not an ellipse, as is the Coliseum in Rome. It is a circular building, and is therefore to be compared rather to other Roman edifices like the Pantheon or the Castle of Sant' Angelo, not to mention minor examples of ancient circular structures. More than this, no feature of the new Court House resembles the Coliseum. That building emphasizes the arcade with engaged columns repeated in stories. The Coliseum is brought to mind, therefore, only because of the sweeping curves of the proposed building, combined with the great height of its walls.

The architect of the accepted design of the new Court House for New York County is Mr. Guy Lowell, a second cousin of the late James Russell Lowell, and a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1892.



PLAN SHOWING ONE-QUARTER FLOOR SPACE OF THE NEW COURT HOUSE

To present his audacious design Mr. Lowell has needed equal courage and taste. He has needed courage because if the critic does not think of the Coliseum in seeing the design for the first time, he may think of the bull ring at Valencia and other Spanish cities, rather than of a building devoted to the administration of law and justice. Mr. Lowell has needed courage also because this departure from the conventional order of architectural imitations in New York City is certainly striking. Greek, Byzantine, Spanish, French, and other architecture is imitated more or less slavishly in well-known New York City edifices, but as yet the metropolis lacks the innovation of a vast circular structure.

Mr. Lowell shows taste as well as courage in his design. First of all, as to the setting of the new building, he has evidently in mind something that must in itself form a picturesque nucleus for the grouping of other buildings about it, just as the eighteenth-century Trinity Church forms the center of one grouping, and the fine edifice of St. Paul's that of another, and the exquisite Georgian City Hall another. Again, Mr. Lowell evidently has in mind a building giving the greatest possible opportunity for an effective use of sculpture, and this of itself is to be welcomed. New York City, therefore, is to be congratulated on this latest proposal to adapt classic architectural proportions to modern demands.

But the exterior effect was not the only reason for the choice of a circular building. Economy was quite as much a reason: economy of cost of construction, of space, and of

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time for those who will frequent the new Court House. Less marble and stone will be used in the new building than if it had been constructed on more ordinary lines. Again, the many court rooms and offices can be fitted, so it is claimed, more compactly into a circle than into a square. Finally, lawyers and litigants will be able to reach the court chambers more quickly under the new arrangement than under any other. The arrangement of the rooms made possible by a circular building is indicated by the accompanying plan of a portion of the second floor. Portals on the north, south, east, and west of the Court House will lead through broad lobbies to a great central hall.

Mr. Lowell has followed out the programme of the architectural competition, in which it was suggested that as many as possible of the offices connected with the courts should be arranged on the ground floor, so that those who are not litigants, but who have legal business, many discharge it quickly and stay as short a time as possible in the building.

Above the ground floor five floors are to be devoted to the actual trial of cases. In one of the floors the City Court will have its quarters; in the others the General and Special Terms of the Supreme Court. The building above the ground floor is not to be solid; from the roof of the central hall to the upper air there will be a vacant space forming an inner circular court, of which the roof of the first story will form the floor. This inner court will insure an abundance of light and ventilation. The architect thus hopes to solve the problem of giving light and ventilation to the trial chambers without impairing their acoustic properties. Every room will have light on both sides; the outer windows towards the street will have double frames to keep out the noise of the traffic, while the inner windows, opening on the circular court, may be used for ventilating purposes.

The seventh and eighth floors are to contain the judges' private chambers, their libraries, consulting-rooms, and lunch-rooms. Each judge will have ample quarters for himself and his secretary. For their use will also be a private terrace, which will run around the entire building, two hundred feet above the ground. It is to be hoped that the terraces and approaches will be sufficiently ample to emphasize the dignity of such a building.

AN OPEN LETTER ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The following letter from Mrs. Helen Magill White, the wife of Andrew D. White, formerly American Ambassador to Germany, and before that President of Cornell University, is of such broad interest that it cannot have too wide publication, not merely because of its bearing on woman suffrage, but because of its comment on the education and training of women. We find it in the columns of the New York "Times."—THE EDITORS.

To the Treasurer of the National American Woman Suffrage Association:

Dear Madam: I have received your appeal for contributions to the funds of the Association.

I was brought up in the camp of woman suffrage. I am a member of the Society of Friends, and so naturally believe in equal opportunity for the sexes in every direction. The Friends, with great advantage to their women, and no less to their men, have preached and practiced this from the time of George Fox, who three centuries ago dismissed the matter in a few words, as a simple axiom. Although in later years I have come to doubt the present expediency of political enfranchisement for my whole sex for exactly the same reasons that I doubt that of universal suffrage in the form in which we have it, I have been inclined to think that, having gone so far, we might as safely, perhaps even more safely, make the experiment complete.

I have not failed to reflect upon the foolishness of my sex, as displayed in their shoes, in their hats, in their want of pockets, in the daily increasing absurdity of their dress generally—in their card-playing at all hours, in their complete abandonment of all effort to control or train their daughters in mind, in manners, or even in morals—witness the present style of dancing—and the futility of most of the training of private schools for girls. This reflects, of course, the incompetence or indifference of parents generally. I also believe that the high prices now prevailing are largely due to the neglect of the great body of women to study or practice

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economy, or to teach it to their daughters. Neither in school nor in college do I find that any considerable number of young girls are taught, or required to keep, any kind of accounts. No dressmaker or milliner, of the slightest pretensions to elegance, seems to have encountered the notion of economy, in respect to price, durability, or in any other particular, in her whole experience. Any woman fairly well off, who regards the subject of dress from this point of view, feels that she is very much the exception.

I have been always disposed, however, to excuse much of this feminine incompetence and folly, and the obsession with dress, which seems to become every day more marked among American women of all conditions, on the ground that the foolishness of men has always been largely responsible for that of women, and that if women were given better things to think of they would surely rise to a higher intellectual plane and a lower angle of heel. (I say "rise" for both advisedly.) And I never until lately admitted to myself the possibility of our *essential* inferiority—such that, in matters of government, we could without outrage be classed with children, with idiots and insane, and with criminals.

But now that I see our own kinswomen across the sea sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind—sowing seeds of lawlessness which we may see in our own day, I greatly fear, blossoming in an anarchism more terrible than anything yet known to history—and when I see our own women protesting feebly or not at all, and even to some extent encouraging, I have not a cent to contribute nor a word of sympathy for any association of women which does not publicly and earnestly protest against such a line of procedure. It resembles the kicking and biting of spoiled children, the raving and gibbering of insane and idiots—and the unbridled license of the most abandoned criminals. All these classes think solely of what they want, and self-constitute themselves arbiters of what they should have. What it may cost other human beings, innocent though they be, for them to grasp at the objects of their desire by whatever means may come to hand, does not touch their minds; and so it would seem to be with those women of England; and so, also, with those of our own women who condone their offenses—who would condone such action *in any cause*.

Believe me, Madam, sincerely and respectfully yours, HELEN MAGILL WHITE.

Ithaca, New York, April 11, 1913.

Another letter, taking similar ground and signed "A Suffragist," appeared in the "Times" a few days later, and adds emphasis to Mrs. White's plain-spoken protest. It refers to a published threat that if suffrage is not soon granted to the women of the Eastern States the suffragists may adopt militant methods, and continues as follows:

> It is time for those of us who do not believe in those methods to know just where the leaders of the suffrage cause in this country really stand and what, under certain possibilities, they purpose doing. I have been all my life an earnest believer in both the righteousness and the expediency of the suffrage movement. I have written and talked for it for nearly forty years, and, what has always seemed to me of far more importance, and does still so seem, I have endeavored to be the kind of woman whose worthiness of the vote none of my masculine associates could deny. But from this time on neither time, effort, nor money of mine shall be given to the suffrage cause until its leaders come out in the open and say whether they stand with the forces of savagery or of civilization. And if they choose the former, I for one can have no more to do with them.

THE GREAT VOICE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I who have heard solemnities of sound—
The throbbing pulse of cities, the loud roar
Of ocean on sheer ledges of gaunt rock,
The chanting of innumerable winds
Around white peaks, the plunge of cataracts,
The whelm of avalanches, and, by night,
The thunder's panic breath—have come to know
What is earth's mightiest voice—the desert's voice,—
Silence, that speaks with deafening tones of God!

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THE WILD GRAIN

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TOWNSEND

LIKE the peeling of an apple, the path lay over the mountain and curled directly to the wild little clearing. A sea of tall grass hemmed in the one-story house; a willow tree, the tassels blowing, shaded the brick-chimneyed roof; a foot-path ran to the barn. And at one side stood the great mountain, and at the other the shining forest; but before the house, through the birches, a vision of the harvest fields. I noticed no one about the place; it seemed buried in the savage past; remote, wild, silent, save for the green hollow world of the tree-tops that kept emptying and filling with ocean echoes, and the grass blowing, with a wild shine running down it. The flavor of nature was in everything, as if one could taste the day.

Then in the bright light of the autumn afternoon I saw the bucket-well, and over a rusty nail a cut-out gourd. I took the cool cup and filled it with the icy and miraculously keen water, and drank; and as I drank I saw through the trees that harvest scene. Over the measureless golden stubble lay the fresh-bound oat sheaves, and where the last standing rectangle of the grain shone and waved the reaper-and-binder passed. Its clucking came like an echo through the perfect air.

A dark man sat on the machine, now and then leaning forward with amazing intensity and savagely lashing, and yet leashing, the taut, forward-straining horses. This seemed strange and unnatural. Then, as I watched, I was aware that I was not alone, and, turning, saw a woman in the doorway of the house, shading her eyes and watching the driver. The expression on her face was arresting; the mouth crooked and twisted down at one corner, the eyes nearly closed. She was not a tall woman; she was fairly well built; the slightly disordered hair had strains of red in it; but there was something about her that made me think of glowing ashes, of a flame that had died; something barren, yet white-hot.

I took a step toward her, and she turned, startled, abashed, awaiting me rigidly, and all the color gone from her face.

"No," she replied, in a cramped voice, "we don't take boarders or use any help. You might try the Barretts, though."

"Is that Mr. Barrett?" I nodded toward the harvest field.

"Yes," she spoke low, "that's him. Just go down the path, over the foot-bridge, through the willows, then cut over the fields to the road. The house stands beyond the orchard. You can't miss it. No, you ain't better stop him at his work; he can't stand interfering. Wait for him at the house."

"Thanks," I said; and added, "Your well water here is delicious."

Her reddish-black eyes gleamed.

"The summer boarders say so when they come over to see about washing."

"Washing?"

"Yes," she muttered. "I do the washing for them."

I adjusted my bag over my back, and went on. Glancing back as I passed through a patch of wild grain and lost myself among willows, I saw her gazing after me intently. Then I went swinging over the swaying foot-bridge, the stone-strung brook singing beneath me. I gained the low, swampy willows she had mentioned, and, treading over the stone-cluttered path, saw no less than three mottled garter-snakes basking in the sun. They raised their heads, darted their tongues, and slid away. I shuddered with the old senseless racial fear, and hurried out to the broad, open acres of the fields.

At one side stood the high corn, blowing; beyond stretched the orchard with its gnarled and red-lit boughs, and behind it I saw the low white house across the road. Now, glancing behind, I could see the mountain-side colored to its top with the autumn, like a cheek burning with life, tanned, yellowed, reddened; and over the wide stubble and the oats the low sun flooded; and against the sun the two farm horses, the machine eating grain and gushing the sheaves, and the whip-waving man stood out huge, more than real, like colossal sculpture in motion. I saw Barrett clearly in his dirty brown overalls, his blue flannel shirt rolled up to his sloping biceps, his hairy chest showing at the top, his shaggy black hair shading the veined

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forehead. And it seemed to me that I had never seen hate and anger before: he bit on his under-lip, his eyes drew close together with wrinkles between, the right side of his stubbly face bulged out with his lip-biting. Did he hate the horses, that he lashed them so unmercifully? And against what was his anger raised? Yet, for all that, I knew at once that he was a powerful, deep man. I smiled to see this storm of man in the placid shining of the autumn day.

On through the orchard I went then, hearing twitter of birds, stepping on the plentiful rotting fruit in the long grass, passing the barrels that stood crammed with the red-streaked apples. The smell of cider was in the air, as insistent as the sour breath of a babe, as intimate of harvest time. Then I reached the dusty road, and, impinging on it, the long white house, which was built against a hill, so that the front was a story lower than the back.

I crossed over to the open kitchen door and knocked, and out of the inner shadows emerged a white-faced, skinny, back-bent woman—intolerably white-faced, it seemed to me—who yet had a faded sweetness about her.

"Yes?" she murmured. Her voice was as flabby and colorless as her face.

"My name's Stevens; just come over the mountain from Hicksville, and I'm on the way to Albany. Worked with the Ransons over there. Do you think there's any need of an extra hand with the crops the next few days?"

"Don't know," she replied. "You'll have to stop and talk to Seth. He'll be up from the fields directly. You can sit on the bench there."

So I sat on the rude bench against the house-front and waited. At the left the road ran under a tunnel of maples that flamed scarlet and swayed in the sunset; the dust of the road was inch-deep with the leaves, and from the distant light beyond the trees the cows with tinkling bells and the boyish cries of "Co' boss! co' boss!" were coming home. On they came, trampling rapidly, until they swept by me and turned in at the immense barn to the right; and after them ran a beautiful shepherd dog and a gawky, dark-faced, hide-booted boy of about seventeen. I saw the father in the lad, but sweeter, fresher, more fluent in his eager stride and waving arms. And I noticed the wide-open barn doors, and the lofts bulging with green and gray hay, and the hens scratching in the barnyard.

The immense peace of plenty was on the land; the bins were choking full, the barn overflowing; the trees dropped fruit copiously; the house stood tight against the coming winter; milk and honey were flowing; and the gorgeous mountain touched human life with grandeur. Yet when Barrett had driven his horses into the stable and came striding with lowered head toward the house, there was in his figure the sense of loneliness and disaster, of hateful futility, that somehow stirred my anger. I felt that I could not talk to him in a free and careless way.

But I rose, and he paused, and I put my question to him. His voice was venomous.

"How much do you want?"

"Dollar and a half a day," I replied.

"If you'll stay for a dollar, stay. If not, go. Money ain't lying loose in these parts."

I was senselessly enraged; I felt like striking him.

"All right," I muttered. "Make it a dollar."

"Then chase down to the cow-stable and get to milking. Tell Hen you've been hired, and do the chores with him. Get along now; we've got discipline on this farm, let me tell you."

I "went along," amazed at the brutality of the man; puzzled, too. Henry had seen me as he passed the house, and so accepted me without question. He merely slapped the cow next to him and indicated a stool and a pail, and soon I was at work, steeped in the tremendous odor of cattle, in a stillness wherein I heard the swishing of tails and the light slashing noise of the milk. We went down the line in silence, and then carried the foaming pails into the cellar of the house.

Great draughts of mountain air were snipping the clamorous leaves and apples were dropping in the orchard, the barnyard folk had gone to roost, and a lamp burned in the twilight behind the kitchen window. I was eagerly hungry when, washed and dusted, but smelling all over of cattle, I turned in to eat. There was Barrett leaning on the table, brooding; and between the shadowy stove and the dim-lit table the wife and a young girl, who seemed pert and pretty, came and went softly. Henry slouched in and sat down heavily, saying nothing. Mrs. Barrett indicated a seat for me.

Then, as we ate, I noticed how carefully

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"AND YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING HIM EVER SINCE?"

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Mrs. Barrett and the girl kept up a meaningless talk, as if they were trying hard to cover up the naked darkness of Barrett's silence. But with every mouthful the atmosphere became more somber, dominated by the speechless man.

Desperately Mrs. Barrett turned to me.

"You said, Mr. Stevens, you came from Hicksville? Working for the Ransons?"

I plunged in readily, and spoke of my light wanderings in many parts, the many beginnings I had made in life, the risks and the adventures, and I noticed, as ever when I have spoken of the world to people in remote corners, how eagerly the young followed me.

I mentioned a coastwise trip, and suddenly Henry, glancing swiftly at his father, spoke:

"So far as I'm concerned, I'd like to go join the navy."

In his voice was the secret yearning of years. I saw Barrett look at him, look sharply and meaningly.

"We'll see," muttered the silent father under his breath.

His speech was more potent than his silence and ended our talk, and when we rose from table Mrs. Barrett showed me to my room.

It was two flights up, in the rear, full of the murmur of boughs all night long, and I slept on a mattress made of corn-husks, and under double blankets—slept at once, though my mind was full of little irritations and questionings.

When I awoke I wondered whether I had overslept, for the room was brilliant, and all the world was full of delightful noise and hardy life. I dressed and went down into the kitchen to wash. The kitchen was empty. Then, just as I dipped my hands in the bowl of icy water, Mrs. Barrett came in from outside, flung her apron over her face, and sank on a chair. At the same time I heard Barrett without, and, glancing through the doorway, saw father and son standing close together in the shining sunlight. Henry had his hands in his pocket and his head was bowed; Barrett held his horsewhip in his hand.

"Every argument," I heard him say, "means one lick more. Come along quiet and take your medicine."

I dried my hands mechanically and stepped slowly out on to the withered grass, but there they were moving off down the road, Henry dragging his feet. Then they turned in at the barn and passed behind the cow-stable, and as the terrible screams of the boy rose in the country stillness the mother was forced to the kitchen doorway, white as sheeted death. Down the road she ran several paces, then turned, sobbing horribly, and vanished in the house.

I strode around the barn. There was Henry on the ground, crawling away like a wounded animal, and there stood the Beast with bloodshot eyes. He knew why I came, and unexpectedly he gave me reasons.

"Do it," he said, grimly, "once a year after the boarders leave; knock the city notions out of him. Now just get in there, Stevens, and milk the cows."

Whether it was curiosity or a desire for vengeance, I don't know, but I stayed on. Barrett proved a hard master that day. Henry was nowhere in sight, but that night as I passed the boy's room on the second floor I heard him moan. I set the door ajar.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked.

"Yes," he muttered, and I thought I heard his father speaking. "You can get out of here."

Nothing happened the next day, or the day following. Henry merely emerged again and went on with his work. But on the morning of the fourth day when I awoke I heard shouting outside, and, hurrying down, stepped out of the house just in time to see Barrett come dashing out of the barn on a horse, riding bareback, clutching the halter in one hand and a gun in the other. He rode well; he dug his rawhide boots into the animal, and he cursed dismally. Down through the orchard he went flying, brushing the boughs either way, and then out on the wide stubble of the wheat-field.

The dust, winged with leaves, was whirling along the road; gray clouds hurried over the heavens, leaking spurts of watery sunlight here and there; the trees swayed; and a yellowish light lay on the land. I noticed Henry beside me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"He's plumb crazy," he laughed harshly. "A cow's got in the corn again."

"But what's the gun for?"

My question was answered by the distant rider. He raised the gun toward the sky, the smoke belched, and we heard the dull report above the wind. Then he wheeled the horse sharply toward the wildly blowing corn, and then unbelievably drove the animal

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right in among the man-high stalks. Suddenly a staggering cow dashed out, Barrett close behind it. The cow, befuddled, turned back blindly, whereupon Barrett raised the gun to his shoulder, fired, and the cow leaped in the air and fell to the ground.

Henry laughed again.

"The lunatic has killed one of our Holsteins!"

I turned to the boy and shook my head, and he smiled ashamedly.

"God!" he said, "I'm going to get out of here as soon as I get the money. If it wasn't for my mother."

There was no use of my staying on any longer, I thought. But I was unable to talk with Barrett until after lunch, when I found him coming from the barn with knife and saw and hatchet. And then, when I confronted him, he seemed like a man dazed and overborne with tragedy.

"Mr. Barrett," I said, "I'll have to be moving on this afternoon."

"All right," he said, with strange humbleness. "But I need some help; come along down to the field

Henry and I went down with him, and for several hours we worked over the dead cow, skinning her, sawing the body in quarters, cleaning it out. We were all as bloody as butchers. And through all the operation Barrett said not a word; his face, however, was terrible to see; the face of a man who has suddenly met his real self and is aghast at the revelation.

"Once," I addressed him mentally, "you weren't like this. But what turned you into a wild animal?"

It was five when we reached the house again and washed up. Then Barrett spoke again.

"You'd better stay overnight."

"Oh, no," I answered. "I want to get along to Whiley Corners, and can do it in a couple of hours. How do I get there?"

"How?" his voice shook. "Cut over our fields to the willows, cross the foot-bridge till you come to a little house; there's a path behind it—a short cut." He tried hard to joke. "Guess we'll have beef in the house for a spell."

Fifteen minutes later I was on my way. Yet when I looked back through the turgid day I was almost sorry that I had left the warm lamp-lit kitchen and the human beings gathered there. The aged earth, yellow and sere with harvest, was dying; the gray wind was grieving in my ears; and as the driven clouds parted here and there the yellow light gleamed fitfully. The mountain sorrowed through all its pines. I heard the boughs of the orchards clash, moaning and snapping, and my loneliness was bitter as, stick in hand and bag over back and cap drawn tight on my forehead, I strode gigantically alone over the hard and measureless stubble. The whole scene was like an intense vision, fading; the ruined world melting wind-blown into space.

I lost the light of the kitchen as I tramped over the stones among the willows; and then I fled away from myself. I was nakedly afraid. Over the swaying foot-bridge I swung, on between the willows of the bank, and through the patch of wild grain. Then, panting, I paused, with blessed relief. A light gleamed from the little grass-hemmed house, a human soul in the wildness and the bleakness; and out of the chimney, in the last of the day, I saw the curling of the kitchen smoke.

I could have found my path alone, doubtless, and gone on; but the mountain looming huge and near was crying with a hundred throats, as if the vanished Indians of the region were howling and trampling in a war-dance. I hurried to the closed door and knocked. Then I knocked again. Then I turned the handle and pushed in.

The lamplight flared in the wind, died low and leaped high, and the reddish-haired woman looked up where she worked at the stove, startled and still.

"Yes?" she said.

I laughed. "I want to know the way to Whiley Corners. I'm sorry."

She came up eagerly.

"You've left the Barretts?"

"Yes," I answered, "I've left."

"A bad time of day," she said.

"I don't mind," I lied.

"Dad," she said, "he wants to know the way to Whiley's."

Following her glance, I saw an old man sitting beside the warm stove in the shadows.

"Well," he said, "it's easy enough to show him. So you're the hired man they've been having the last few days? Gosh! they can't keep help over there; can they, Hazel? Treat you decent?"

I laughed. "Fair, I presume," I mused; "if I'd been wise, I'd have stayed overnight."

Hazel spoke with startling eagerness.

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"You haven't had supper, have you?"

"No," I admitted; "I haven't."

"Dad, he'd oughter take some supper with us; it'll be too late when he gets to Whiley's."

"Sure he ought," said her father. "There's always enough for one more. And it's just a clean hour from here along the path."

"No," I smiled; "I'd better not."

Hazel came close to me; her reddish-black eyes were full of secret demand.

"Please," she whispered, "stay and have a bite."

So I stayed. She laid a good supper before me, and I ate heartily; I remember the quality of her fried chicken and the fluffy baked potatoes, the delicious maple sugar, and the strong coffee. She said nothing at all, rising now and then, as if with half-forgotten grace, to fetch and serve, or sitting, eating little, and staring at me eagerly. Again I thought of glowing ashes, of a flame that had died; and there was something in her that partook of the autumnal night, the wind in the mountain that seemed like one landslide after another threatening to bury the house or whirl it away, the rattling of the window-frames, the overbearing loneliness of this remote human cave.

But the old man talked on—about the crops, the weather, the local politics that were beginning to engage the voters. After supper we lit our pipes, Hazel rapidly cleared the table, and the old man rose.

"There's a meeting of Republicans over to the school-house. I can show you the path as I pass."

Hazel came up.

"Let him have his smoke, dad," she said. "I'll show him the way."

"But," I demurred, "the sooner I go, the sooner I'll get there."

She turned to me again, her eyes begging.

"Oh, you want your smoke," she said, lightly. "The wind'll blow it out, ashes and all, if you step out of doors."

"Well," I murmured, "it would be good to get a puff or so."

"Sure it would," she said. "There, now, dad, wrap this close round your neck; and don't stay all night."

"Losh!" he cried. "Can't I have a night out? S'long, you. Hope you get to Whiley's all right."

He passed out on a rush of wind, the door closed tight and the two of us were alone. I felt uncomfortable, and puffed hard. Hazel played with the stove for a moment or two, using her apron to lift off a lid, and peering into the glow that made her whole face red for a moment. Then she paused. We were, beyond doubt, fearfully alone, and I marveled that the father ever left her at night in this shack in the wilderness. A thousand voices without assailed us; the windows rattled; smoke, forced down, gushed from the stove; and yet we seemed within the heart of silence, the lamp burning steadily on the table, the smoke puffing from my lips.

Hazel came to the table and sat down, leaning upon it. Her agitation was visible, and when she spoke, her voice was a little hoarse.

"I wanted to ask you something. I saw *him*," she paused, "killing the cow. I saw it through the birches."

I began to understand, and the night seemed blackly to clutch my heart as in a fist. I moved about uneasily.

"How," she burst out, "did he come to do it?"

She seized the edge of the table with her hands and her eyes gleamed in the lamplight.

"Why," I began, trying to speak naturally, "the cows have been getting in the corn, trampling it down. So he wanted to scare the one this morning, and, I suppose, accidentally, shot it."

"Accidentally?" she cried, hoarsely. "No, he aimed right at it, and where he knew I could see him . . . where he knew I could see him."

This came in the nature of an explosion, the dammed-up waters breaking through. It was as if she were alone, or as if I had known her all her life. Doubtless she was not aware at the moment that she had a listener.

"It'd been better," she went on, raising her fist, "if he had aimed at me—if he had aimed straight at me. Oh, I can't bear it any more; I can't bear it!"

And, putting her head down on her hands, she heaved with long sobs. Then she raised her head, her lids lowered in shame, and she spoke in a low, intense voice:

"I've no one ever to tell it to; that's it; I've no one to tell it to. I go around with this thing inside of me, and no way of letting it out. I can't get away from here with the hard, long work, and no one comes since Amy Barrett stopped coming; only the summer boarders, and what do they know? And

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then people wonder why the lonely women on the lonely farms go crazy. I've got to tell it now, or go out of my head. Don't mind me," she smiled, aghast at herself. "Guess I'm out of my head already."

I drew my chair closer; I leaned and spoke with what tenderness I could.

"Mightn't I understand, possibly?" I asked her. "I think I will, if you'll try me."

Again her mouth was crooked and twisted down at one corner, her face wistfully sad.

"Oh, it's nothing to understand, and it's nothing to tell. Only in the dark and lonely night, when the morning is far off, it seems like a heap. And in the long afternoons when my father is away. Lonely here? Lonely?" She paused, and all the mountainside cried in our ears. "You'd ought to be here in the winter, when the blizzard comes, and we're snowed in—snow-bound; two cows, one old horse, one old man, and one—one woman that ain't lived yet." She smiled bitterly. "I can tell you I know what lonesomeness is then, until, like God walking the shining waters, I see *him* some melting blue morning, far away on the everlasting snow, tramping to do the chores."

The music of her voice died hauntingly, and she sat, chin on hand, dreaming.

"You and he—" I murmured, and broke off.

"Yes," she said low. "He and I. What is there to tell? I suppose it happens so often that it's just life; that is, when it happens to others. But for me?" she sighed. "Oh, when I think of those days! You see, he was the hired man over to Simpson's; that's Amy's maiden name. Yes, and a young, up-standing, dark-eyed boy he was then. I saw him out in the field, so willowy and so strong, when he tossed the hay, or drove the horses, or went down to the swimming-hole. Up till then the Lord God hadn't walked the earth for me, though I've loved the woods, the water, and the mountain; but from then on I saw the Lord God walking—not meaning anything blasphemous, either—walking with the spring sowing, and the early wheat, and the ripeness of the harvest. And Amy and I would go up and down the fields, and he marked me, for I was young and fresh and so full of fire I ran like a colt in the pastures."

"He came then to see me, and we kept company. There was buggy rides, and evenings here in this room, and once he took me to a barn-dance. I used to hear him singing out at his work, and he'd wave to me through the birches. But there ain't no need of telling of that; nor of the sweetness of his kisses. Only he was strong, and full of life and high spirits, and we romped together."

The lamp began to smoke, she turned down the wick, and as the flame sputtered and began to climb, the mountain again seemed to fall down upon us.

"Yes," she said, shivering, looking about her, "it was just such a night as this—just such a night as this. He'd been strange to me for a week or more, and I knew something was going to happen. And then, that night, he came in, all wind-blown, and sat down with me alone. He seemed all flustered and ashamed of himself.

"'Hazel,' he said, 'I've got something to tell you.'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'You see,' he went on, 'we'd be very poor—it wouldn't be any life for you—drudgery all your days.'

"'Yes,' I said, sort of frozen. 'What is it, Seth? You're free, you know. I won't ever hold you. What's happened?'

"'Why, old man Simpson . . . you see, he don't want to lose me. He's getting old, and I've been running the farm . . . and there's Amy.'

"'Does she love you?' I asked.

"'Oh,' he said, lightly, 'she ain't much at loving, I suppose.'

"'You think you'll be happy?'

"'I'm only worrying about you.'

"I got up, and he did too. 'Don't worry about me, Seth,' I told him; 'I can take care of myself.'

"'You're good to say that, Hazel,' he began. 'You don't know how badly I feel.'

"I was wild in those days. I almost sprang at him. 'You go out of this house,' I said. 'You sha'n't speak to me alive again, you young fool!'

"That was all." Hazel paused, and looked at me piteously. "There's nothing to tell, nothing at all. And it sounds cheap when I say it. And I feel dried up already, just stale and dried, and couldn't cry or laugh now."

She broke off, embarrassed, drained of her emotions, and drew toward herself some sewing.

I leaned nearer.

"And you've been watching him ever since?"

Her voice was infinitely sad.

"Yes, day in, day out, I see him. And

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look what it's made of him! All those wonderful things in him that were budding in our love never come to harvest in him, but rotted in him. And all those things never come to harvest in me, but just rotted in me. And as love and hate are the same, his love for me has made him a wild beast, whipping his son and the horses and killing cattle. And I, I . . ." She smiled sadly. "I'm what they call an old maid."

We were silent then; there seemed nothing to say. Hazel arose.

"I'll show you the path," she said, softly.

I got my things, she opened the door, and we stepped out. The wild night had grown vast with a moon that, when clouds spun out into mist, gave us glimpses of the harvest fields through the birches. Truly the night had grown glorious. Nature, a being of wildness and glory and moon glimpses and Valhalla music, passed through us, as light soaks the air of early morning. We were but pipes, and the wild breath of nature played through us, a music sweeping our hearts. Down we walked to the patch of wild grain.

Then Hazel whispered close to me:

"Oh, thank you, thank you. I feel better now; I honestly do. It's off my chest, and you've noticed how that clears and sweetens life."

I murmured something, and we stood a moment as she pointed to the path. Then, in a strange voice, she went on:

"See this wild grain here? That's what *he* and I would have had for a harvest, poor and wild and full of weeds and briers. But what of it? That's life! But he wanted three hundred acres and a reaping-and-binding machine. And he and I don't know what living is. We've never tasted the bitter glory of it. But I feel better now." She sighed, and the mountain sighed with her. "Yet," she went on, "it's a pity, I think it's a great pity."

I started down the path then, and, looking back, saw in a glimpse of moonlight the great earth heavy with its harvest, fulfilling itself, released and free, and, gazing after me, her hair blowing in the wind, her face stained with a silver light, a barren woman standing beside the wild grain.

THE TREE PLANTERS

BY CHARLES M. DOW

THE world is planting a million acres to forest each year. Sometimes these new forests are planted to take the place of old forests which have been burned away, or destroyed by wasteful use; sometimes they are set out on bare hills and plains where perhaps forests never stood before; and year by year the world's work in making new forests grows larger with the increasing need.

This forest-planting is being done where men and governments are forehanded enough to sense the need and to meet it. And the new forests are spreading further year by year in Germany and France, in Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, in India, Japan, China, Russia, South Africa, Australia, and in stranger places still.

If we could see, all together, the men and women of the nations who are planting trees, what a babel of strange tongues, what wide differences in dress and feature, there would be! Here would be peasant girls from the Black Forest of South Germany—for in Germany women plant nearly all the trees—long rows of girls and women in quaint peasant dresses, who move steadily forward, while the forest of little trees springs up behind them; there would be a group of turbaned, bare-legged East Indians, who plant the teak in the rich soil of semi-tropical India; and we should see Chinese coolies and Japanese coolies, Kafirs from South Africa, and bearded, blanketed Russians who plant the pines and firs upon the Siberian steppes. Here and there would be Americans in this swarm of the tree-planters of the world; but the tree-planters from many smaller countries would each far outnumber those from our own country.

The tree-planters of America are mostly the rangers of the Forest Service who are planting trees on the barren or denuded mountains of our own great West. A few are

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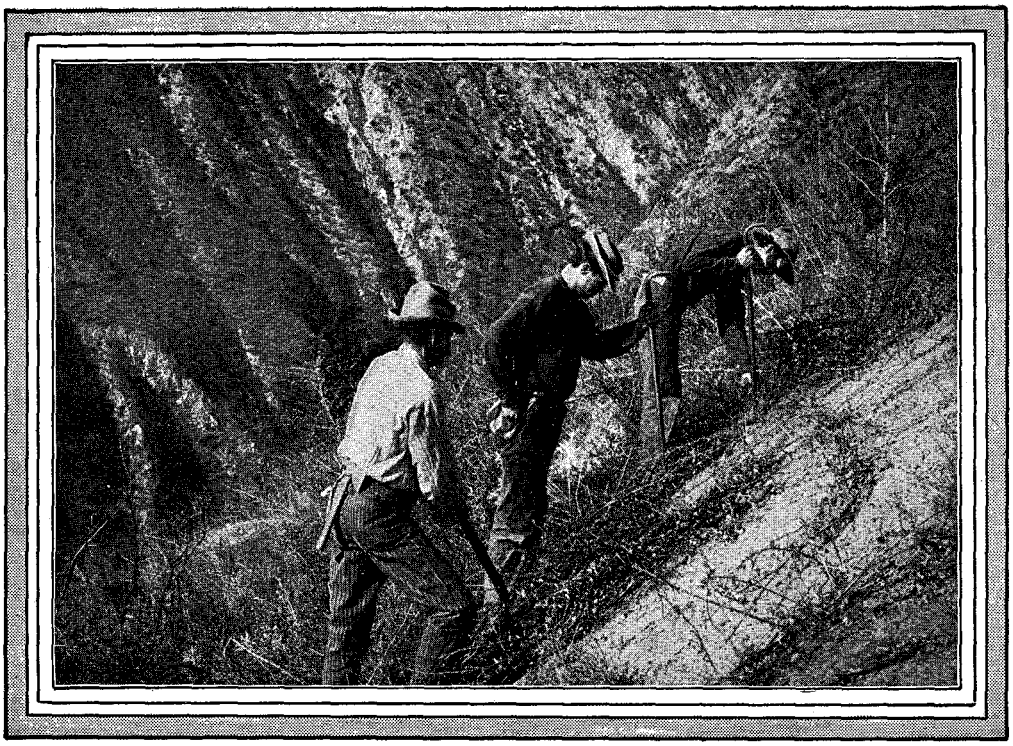

PLANTING TREES ON DENUDED LAND IN A CALIFORNIA NATIONAL FOREST

tree-planters employed by American railways and by large landowners. Some are American farmers who are planting up the waste lands of their farms. But all together the Americans would make only a little part of the great throng.

These men and women of other nations are planting many trees. Is it merely because forests are beautiful and healthful? Is it sentiment which leads the German Government to put many trees back for each tree it cuts down? Is it sentiment that leads the Government of India, which makes about four million dollars each year from forests, to plant more and always more teak? Does sentiment force the planted forests forward over the Siberian steppes? Is it sentiment that makes France spend many millions to put back the forests in the Alps which France cut down not many years ago?

Sentiment alone is not bringing these things about. The pervading motive behind them is national thrift and a full understanding that trees are essential to the national welfare, and that where this crop has been destroyed on land which is suitable only for growing forests the forest must be brought back upon such land again, and that trees sometimes must even be grown where they never stood before, so as to keep pace with the growth of the nation and the growth of its demands for wood.

How do matters stand with us here in America? Do we need to plant more forests? If we could take a bird's-eye view of the United States, what would be the answer to this question? We should see the pineries and the cotton fields of the South, that great natural granary which we call the Middle West, the billowing, open range of the great plains, and the mountain ranges in between the Appalachians and the Rockies, the Sierras and the Cascades. We should see great forests in the mountains and in the South, but even while we looked they would grow smaller under the attack of fire and the ax. We should see that this Nation is using and wasting more wood than any other nation in the world—ten times as much as Germany and nearly twenty times as much as England. We should see in concrete and steel and iron and cement the increasing use of substitutes for wood—and we use more and more wood each year.

When the first settlers landed, America was all forest from the Atlantic Coast to the

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Great Plains. So far as the land on which the forest stood has been turned into prosperous farms, good, not harm, has been done. But much of the land on which the forest has been destroyed or greatly injured will grow only trees well, and so this land is wasted until it grows trees again.

But, being practical people, we might ask this reasonable question: "Granted that forests have been destroyed where only forests will grow—that was unwise, but how does it affect us, the people of to-day? We still have great forests in America. Will they not last out our own time, and many generations more?"

GATHERING SEED FOR PLANTING THE NATIONAL FORESTS

Here are the facts which answer that question: *We use each year more than three times the wood grown each year by all our forests.* That means that we are rapidly using our forests up. Already certain trees like walnut and cherry and white pine are nearly used up altogether. The end of the supply of other trees like hickory and white oak is clearly in sight. Very few commercial trees in America are growing as fast as they are used.

How long will our forests last? No man can answer that question closely, because no man can measure in advance the growth of the American people. But this much we know: if we go on wasting our forests through fire and destructive lumbering, we will use up all the timber now standing in certainly not more than fifty years. Timber scarcity will inevitably follow before the trees have time to grow again.

But if we conserve our forests promptly and efficiently, and if we plant up waste places to trees, then we can grow not merely all the wood we want for our present needs, but wood enough to last this Nation were it twice as big. There is of course no doubt that some day or other we shall make full provision for taking care of all our forests, as other nations have been forced to do. That in one sense is a comfortable assurance. In another and a very real sense it is not so comforting. A forest wisely handled is like money well invested, and the wood it yields each year is like the interest. Would a man with an adequate income from his capital be wise in saying this to himself: "I have a fortune sufficient for my needs if I invest it wisely and live on its income. But I inherited this fortune; why should I practice economy and live merely on the interest? I will spend

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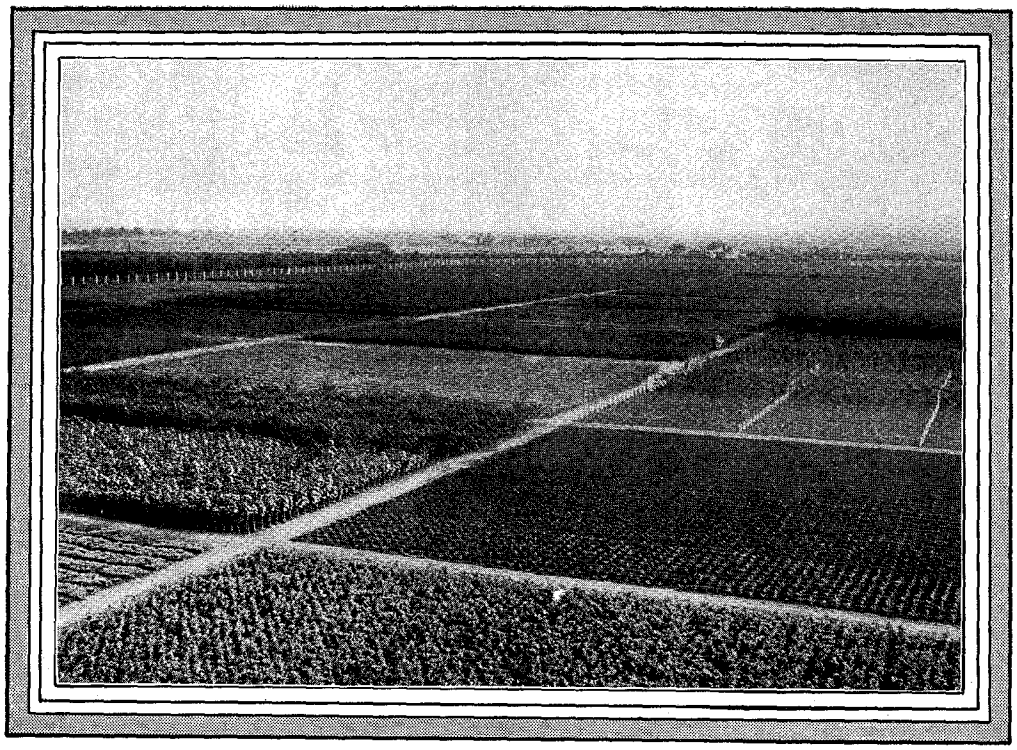
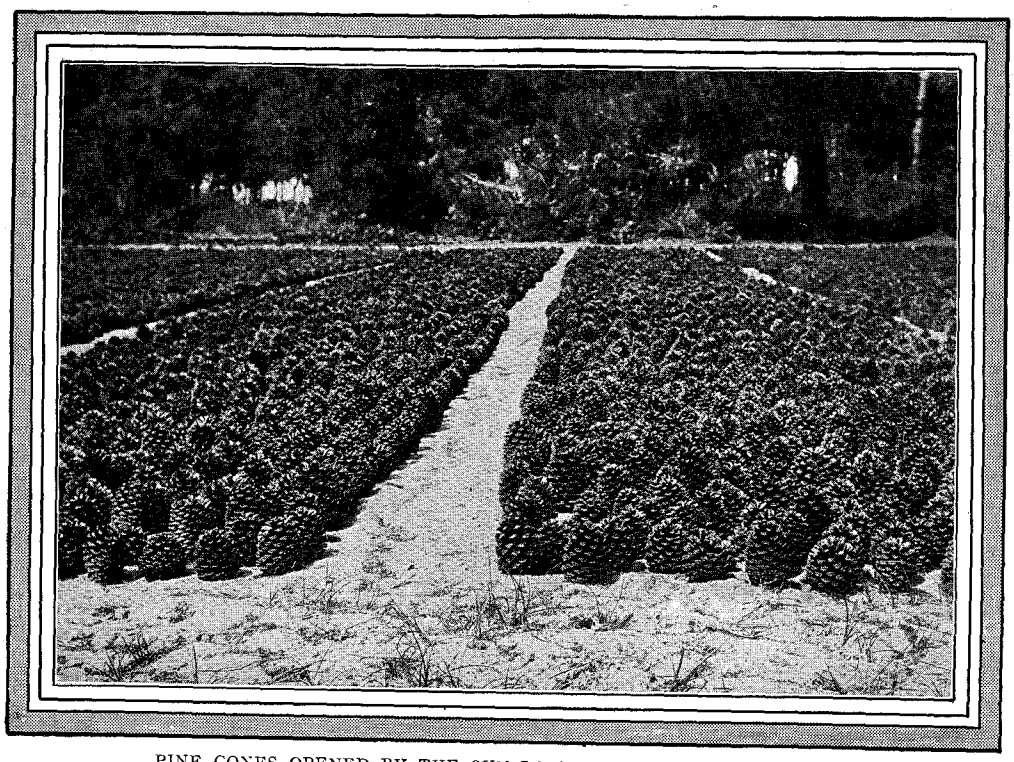


A GREAT FOREST NURSERY IN HUNGARY



PINE CONES OPENED BY THE SUN IN A FRENCH FOREST NURSERY
AND READY FOR REMOVAL OF SEED

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the capital as I please. It will last my time, anyhow. Those who follow can look out for themselves"?

What would such a man's children say? They would say this, or something like it: "You have no right to waste that capital; it belongs to us just as much as it belongs to you. It is yours to enjoy so long as you live; but it is ours to enjoy after you are gone, so long as we live, and then it will in turn become our duty to pass it on unimpaired. If you are a good father, you will spend only the interest."

In our waste of our forest capital we disregard the needs of those to come.

The waste has gone so far already that we Americans must pay the penalty. How severe will that penalty be? If we begin now to care for our forests, they will respond to good treatment. Their production will increase, and the worst we must suffer will be timber scarcity with a resulting period of high prices for wood after the mature timber is gone and before our forests have time to grow timber enough again to meet all our needs. If all American forest owners began the practice of forestry to-morrow, we should still encounter somewhere within the next fifty years a period of timber scarcity, but it would soon pass. If we go on putting off the practice of forest-planting, which is the only remedy, then timber scarcity will become timber famine; and when the pinch comes the cost of repairing the injury will call, not merely for better care of existing forests, but for forest-planting on a scale never seen in the world before.

This is not theory, but a plain statement of the facts.

But how does this matter of forest-planting affect us as individuals? What can planting do for each citizen, for the farmer and the landowner? Planting can do this: It can build the farmer living wind-breaks and shelter-belts for his homestead and his fields at little cost, with results which are reflected directly in better crops. Go to Kansas or Nebraska or the Dakotas, and you will see in the aggregate thousands of miles of planted forest strips and see the farmers planting more.

What else can tree-planting do for the farmer and the landowner? It can grow wood for them. Where can this wood best be grown? Not on lands which grow corn or wheat or other crops well, but on land—and nearly every farm in hilly country contains some of it—which should never have been cleared. Swamp land, rocky land, dry south slopes, steep land, worn-out land. If you own land, you have probably got a little of one or another of these. You do not sell it because nobody wants to buy it, or because it would make a hole in your farm. You hold this land, pay taxes on it, and make an effort from time to time to make it pay the taxes, and these efforts generally fail. Why? Because the land is natural forest land, and you have put it to the wrong use. Would you put a celery patch on top of a hill? Would you plant steep upper slopes to potatoes? Would you put your garden patch where the stones lie thickest, and let the lush meadow lands lie fallow? Then why put farm crops where trees belong, and lose money by it?

"That is all very well," the farmer may say. "Maybe I have taken trees, or some one else has, from land where trees only can grow profitably, and made a mistake by doing so. But now you are asking me to plant a crop which takes a lifetime to ripen. I am building for the future—my crop rotation shows that—but that future is a little too far off when it comes to planting trees. I guess I will have to go on as I am doing now."

Let us see how long the farmers who plant trees must wait. Posts? Fifteen years at the outside, and sometimes as few as eight. Box boards, small lumber for use on the farm? Twenty-five years is safe to count on, and sometimes less. Is this too long for a far-sighted man, with children who will follow him?

The man who sees that it pays to grow wood on land where only wood will grow well, faces two practical questions: Where to plant the trees, and what trees to plant. The first question the man on the land can settle for himself. He should plant where, on account of steepness or dryness or wetness or poverty of soil, trees only will grow well. But the question of what to plant and how is more difficult. There are many hundred different kinds of forest trees. Some of them will make only firewood. Others will yield saw timber. There are trees best suited for growing posts and trees which make the best railway ties. There are trees which make the thickest shelter-belts, trees which will dry up a swamp, and trees which will keep it moist. There are trees which ripen quickly, and trees which take many years to grow.

What does this call for, in order to enable the farmer to make a wise selection? It

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POTATOES AND OAKS PLANTED IN ALTERNATE ROWS IN GERMANY SO AS TO LOWER THE COST OF FOREST PLANTING

GERMANS PLANT TREES BETTER AND MORE CHEAPLY THAN ANY OTHER NATION

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calls for places where he can see these different trees growing, not singly like trees on a lawn, but in a forest just as he will plant them. It calls for a place where these forests of different trees are all together so that a man can see them quickly and conveniently, and make his choice.

The Federal Government through its Forest Service is providing on the National Forests, and in co-operation with private owners, many such useful object-lessons. The State of New York is doing admirable work along the same line. It is selling nursery-grown trees at cost to tree-planters. In one place, Letchworth Park, an actual beginning has been made toward planting miniature forests.

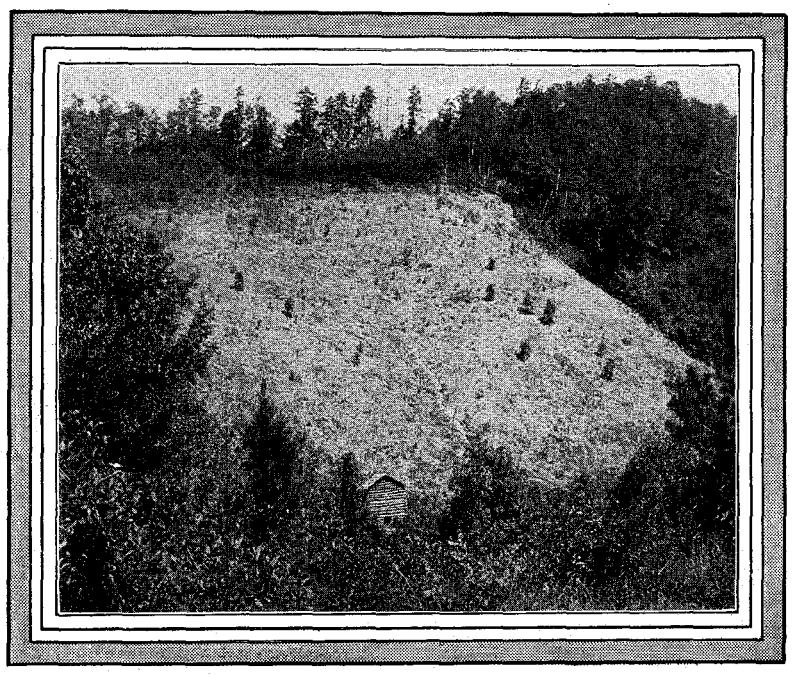
You cannot yet see mature planted forests there, because the Forest Arboretum is still young. But you can see a good beginning made—and there you find the first Forest Arboretum in the world. This work will go forward steadily, and then Letchworth Park will be not merely a museum of single trees, but a working laboratory of forests for the tree-planter. There will be mixed forests of useful commercial trees which grow well together, no matter how many thousand miles apart they live naturally. For there are sometimes trees which live as far apart as the Himalayas and the Rockies which can be grown more successfully together than they can be grown separately.

The blocks of planted forests at Letchworth Park will be big enough to be real forests, but small enough so that you can see them quickly and pass rapidly from one to another. At Letchworth Park you can see the work of tree-planting from the very beginning—the "seed beds" where the little trees are grown, then the transplant beds, and finally the growing forests themselves.

In twenty years the object-lesson which the Forest Arboretum affords will be ripening into full usefulness. In ten years or even five its practical value will be very high.

There is no more useful public service than to encourage in this way the restoration of the forest to those lands which should never have been cleared, and which now are lying waste.

For these reasons it may fairly be prophesied that other States will soon follow the example which has been set by Letchworth Park, New York.



THIS LAND SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CLEARED

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THE CASE OF LURA SYLVIA

BY MARY VIDA CLARK

AND THE COUNTY AGENT

THE young woman known to local fame as the County Agent for Dependent Children and the man who combined the offices of Truant Officer and Deputy Sheriff were jogging up the hill in an old two-seated wagon. The road had disappeared some time before, and they were picking their way through pasture lands. The only mark of habitation to be seen was the ruins of a house which had been burned.

"What's the name of this hill?" said the County Agent.

"I can't seem to remember," replied the Deputy Sheriff. "Didn't I mention it in my letter?"

"Let's see." The Agent pulled out of her bag a crumpled paper. "I haven't half read it," she commented. "I guess I'll read it over now. Here we are:

"In searching for truants yesterday in the town of Slater Hill, I found one case which I think comes under your jurisdiction more than mine. There is a girl twelve years old who gives her name as Lura Sylvia Sims, who lives with her mother, or at least supposed to be her mother, Mrs. Benjamin Sims, an indigent and wholly immoral person. Said child is apparently very poorly fed and destitute of clothing; her surroundings are the worst. They live on Crow Hill, two miles from Rock Hollow, one mile east of ex-Supervisor Peterson. If you could come by rail to Cookville, I will meet you and help you dispose of this case."

"Crow Hill?" commented her companion; "I should call it 'Scare Crow Hill.' Did you ever see such a forlorn place?"

"There! what's that?" interrupted the Agent. As they turned around a clump of trees, they saw before them a weather-beaten shack, with four windows, all boarded up, and a door without a handle or a lock.

"I guess this is it, and no mistake," commented the Deputy Sheriff, pulling up his horse. He descended, while the Agent held

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the reins and knocked at the door. As there was no response, he lifted up his voice and threatened to break in unless the door was opened. Then they waited. Finally, after some time, the door was opened a crack, and the hard face of an old woman looked out.

"Us lives here. What's yer business?" she said, gruffly. When she was told that her visitors had warrants for her arrest and that of the girl, she began to curse and swear and kick at the house. "Get yer gun, Derp," she called out, "an' give 'em some buck!" Curiosity finally drew her out, a ragged old witch with straggly, unkempt hair, wearing men's shoes, and holding a dirty, scrawny hand over the bowl of a cob pipe.

While Mrs. Sims was thus getting into relations with her guests the young man called "Derp" had pulled off one of the boards of a window and was looking out. He was a gaunt, dissipated-looking youth, but he evidently had a mind of his own. He responded to his mother's command to shoot by replying, judicially, "No, I likes the looks o' that there woman. Let her hev the girl." This sudden and unexpected defection of the man of the family reduced Mrs. Sims from her attitude of fierce opposition to that of a supplicant. She got down on the ground on her knees, and prayed and begged that she be given another chance. She pulled handfuls of hair from her old gray head. She wept and wailed and made excuses. She acknowledged that she had not done right and that "gels nowadays hed ter go ter school." She expressed her affection for Lura in strange terms: "Hers my blessed picture frame," "Muddy's red heart." Was the woman perchance demented?

The distracted old creature did not succeed in melting the hearts of the Agent and the officer, and after a time she moved out of the doorway and allowed them to enter the shack. It was very dark inside, and it was difficult to distinguish the objects in the little room. The visitors finally made out that there was a small stove in one corner, the pipe of which did not go through the chimney-hole; there were empty whisky-bottles, part of a cider mill (probably a still), two low tubs of rotten apples, and a hunk of bread on the floor. The room was rotten with filth, old tin cans, old rags, bottles, refuse, decayed potato peelings, putrid water in cans. There were no utensils for cooking or eating. On a box in one corner sat the lean, haggard young man identified as "Derp." On a litter of rags which presumably served as a bed sat the little girl, Lura Sylvia. She had some dirty black rags about her waist, but nothing on the rest of her emaciated body. She stared with wide-eyed interest at the unexpected company, and apparently enjoyed the excitement of visitors. The Agent suggested that she get dressed as soon as possible, as it was already late in the afternoon. The child looked about the room, remarked that she had some stockings somewhere that she had made herself, and finally produced two long gray rags cut in the shape of stockings, which had been sewed with string. Apparently a nail had served as a needle.

"Till made 'em, her did, put 'em together with clear cord what come off county stuff from the store—crackers an' all sich a thing us gets ter the store," the child explained, proudly.

"Till" was apparently baby talk for Sylvia. With some difficulty these extemporized stockings were pulled on, and some old shoes were produced to cover them. Then from somewhere the child drew out a pair of drawers, made of old cement bags which she had fashioned together.

"Got 'em off State road," she explained. "Men be makin' State road right through here, an' us found the bags by the side o' the road."

A tam-o'-shanter covered with lice was produced from under the stove, and this was all the clothing that Lura was able to find for herself. Fortunately, the Agent, prepared for such an emergency, had an old coat and skirt in the wagon. Whether touched by this elegance or impelled by some other mysterious or insane motive, Mrs. Sims began to interest herself in the child's appearance, and said that she had a veil that she wished her to wear, as she did not want her girl to be left neglected in that way. The old woman went back to the cabin and brought out a small piece of green veil, so small that it hardly began to cover the child's face.

Mrs. Sims and Lura were finally packed into the wagon, but the old woman's enmity was so concentrated upon the Agent that it hardly seemed practicable for them to travel in the same vehicle. "If I ever hear you hev a child," threatened the old woman, "I'll come an' kill it; yes, I'll kill it. I know where you be. I'll come an' shoot yer—shoot yer dead." In order to stem the

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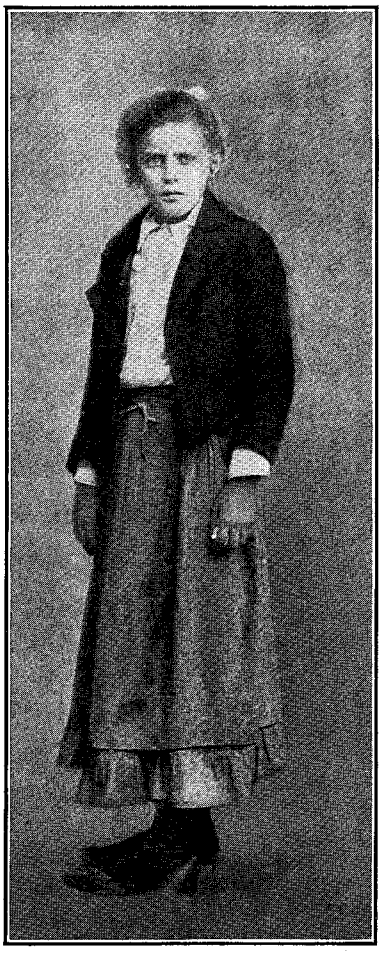
steady stream of curses and threats that Mrs. Sims emitted, the Agent decided to walk down the hill with Derp, leaving the officer to convey the woman and the child in the wagon.

The walk gave them time for a long and, on Derp's part, a confidential talk. His sentiments towards the Agent appeared to be the reverse of his mother's. He assured her that he wanted her to take Lura; that, if he had any children, he would certainly give them to her. As it happened, however, he had no children. While he once had a wife, she had stayed on "the hill" only two months, and he did not know what had become of her. Perhaps she did not like the fits to which he freely confessed, or his heart disease, "somethin' awful." Derp gave the Agent a disinterested account of the different men with whom "Mud," as he affectionately designated Mrs. Sims, had at various times lived. Lura was the object of his admiration as well as fraternal solicitude. She could set a trap for mink and shoot as well as he could, and she could "smoke a pipe jest as good as Mud." He was pleased that she never had fits, as he and Mud did, and that she was altogether such a nice little girl.



LURA SYLVIA AS WE FOUND HER

This photograph was taken only thirty-one days before the picture of Lura which appears at the head of this article

In the meantime the officer was having his troubles with Mud. Seizing a moment when the horse stopped to rest, she jumped out of the wagon and took to the woods. With the girl and the horse on his hands, the officer could not pursue the agile old woman, and, after a vain attempt to persuade her to return by shouting after her, he decided that she might as well be allowed to go her own way. Lura, on the contrary, seemed entirely satisfied with her adventure. She sat silent for the most part, but occasionally made a remark, usually prefaced with an oath, this apparently being the way in which she had been taught to introduce her observations. Her conversation, such as there was of it, was generally couched in such strange terms and spoken with so peculiar an accent that the officer had difficulty in catching her meaning. She had the uncertain sense of language of those to whom a word is a more or less vague memory of a sound, not something fixed for reference on the printed page. Like a baby, she referred to herself in the third person. "Till want baccy," she said. "Hain't yer got no money an' can't yer git no baccy!" The officer was unable to satisfy her craving for a chew or a smoke.

When they reached the house of the Justice of the Peace, this public servant amiably held that, as Mrs. Sims had had sufficient warning to appear, and had refused to do so, he was justified in going on with the case. The proceedings appeared to please Lura. She seemed to realize vaguely that for some reason she was the center of the friendly interest of a group of agreeable people. The sum total of the matter, to her understanding, was that the gentleman of the house, who appeared to be a person of authority, had told her that she belonged to the County Agent, and that hereafter she must do as the County Agent said.

The County Agent said that, as it was so late, they would accept the kind invitation of the Deputy Sheriff to spend the night at his home; and to Lura this was a wonderful new experience. The officer and his wife lived in a large, substantial house with many modern conveniences. Lura, introduced to its bewildering interior, gazed upon it with open-mouthed, wondering admiration. "My God!" she murmured, "it's better than a depot!" Dinner at a table presented problems of conduct never before coped with. Ignorant of the use of a knife or a fork, she took a large

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pancake into her hands and stuffed it into her mouth. The child was so deeply occupied in assimilating all the wonderful new impressions that were poured in upon her unaccustomed intelligence that she failed to give out much in the way of comment upon these impressions. With a view to offering her some amusement during the long evening, a doll was produced, but she did not know the use of this property. She put it on a chair and, looking attentively at it, inquired, "Do it go ter bed?" Before she was taken to her room, her dirty rags were removed and she was given a bath in a tin tub in the kitchen. "Lord!" she commented; "Till heard tell o' them bath dishes!" The use of a towel was another mystery. Her poor little body was in a frightful condition of emaciation and filth, but she was finally made sufficiently presentable to be put to bed, wearing an unaccustomed garment, a nightgown.

After Lura had gone to bed, the Agent imparted to her host and hostess the story of the long hunt which had ended so successfully that day with the capture of the "wild girl." Seven months before, while working on a village case, she had seen passing by a ragged pair of human beings, one an old woman, the other a young girl. The postmaster of the place, on being questioned, furnished such meager information as he possessed, to the effect that the woman and child were members of a worthless family who had lived around in those parts as long as he could remember. The old woman went by the name of Martha Sims, and the girl was called Lura. They lived on the road, frequently passing through villages at night, sometimes putting up for a time at abandoned huts or shacks. The old woman was reported a person of loose morals, and the girl was held to be wild and tough, "as tough as the toughest boy." The Agent suggested that this might be a case of truancy and improper guardianship, to say the least of it. The postmaster allowed that it might, but wondered who—at least who in possession of a non-fireproof house or barn—would want to meddle with a pair that had the reputation of being dangerous.

The Agent immediately began talking and writing to public officials and private citizens, accumulating facts and fancies about the so-called Sims family and following clues that might lead to their whereabouts. She found that various members of the family were well known to many of the so-called "best citizens" of the county, to Supervisors, Superintendents and Overseers of the Poor, schoolteachers, truant officers, and other officials, but that apparently nothing had ever been done by any one of them in either a public or a private capacity to rescue this little girl or to improve the conditions of her life. Benevolent ladies acknowledged an interest in the child which had shown itself in the offer of free lodging in abandoned outhouses, scraps from the table, or cast-off clothing, but excused themselves from any really effective action by a frank expression of fear of Mrs. Sims's possibly incendiary antagonism. A complaint to a Justice of the Peace to the effect that a little girl's body and soul were in mortal and immortal danger might jeopardize the safety of valuable real estate.

It was when the Agent, after seven months of work on the case, was beginning to lose hope of finding any private citizens or public officials in this Christian community who saw their duty and had the courage to do it, and whose co-operation she could secure in her effort to rescue Lura, that she received the letter from the Truant Officer and Deputy Sheriff, which disclosed the man appointed for her work.

As the Agent finished her story of those seven months, a loud pounding was heard at the kitchen door. It was opened by the Deputy Sheriff, and Mrs. Sims, a married daughter, and four or five of their men friends, all drunk, piled in and demanded the child. The officer and his wife and the Agent and two hired men were adequate to cope with this party, and finally succeeded in driving them out. The Agent took advantage of their call to endeavor to impress upon Mrs. Sims's somewhat disordered mind that it was she, the Agent, who had made the complaint and all the trouble, and that none of the officials were to blame, but, on the contrary, they were all Mrs. Sims's good friends, and deserved only friendly conduct on her part. Apparently Mrs. Sims did not assimilate all of this lecture, for about two o'clock in the morning, after the household had all gone to bed with revolvers, there were sounds of wagon wheels drawing near the place. The Deputy Sheriff went out, and found Mrs. Sims occupied with a kerosene-oil can at the back porch. She explained that she was looking for a head-stall. Her host took advantage of the occasion to supplement the Agent's speech by one of his

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own, delivered at the top of his voice, so as to be audible to the occupants of the wagon, threatening to send the Sims family and all of their friends to the county jail or the penitentiary if they interfered further in this case. The minds of the party seemed to be more receptive than they had been in the early part of the evening, and from that time to this the Deputy Sheriff continues to live unmolested in the comfortable residence that is "better than a depot." It is to be hoped that this immunity may encourage his more timid fellow-citizens. Apparently Mrs. Sims herself has thought better of the matter, for her only further appearance on the scene has been in the form of a letter received by the Agent about a month after these events, and written, apparently (since Mrs. Sims cannot write), by a slightly less illiterate friend. The letter reads:

> I want to know how Lura gits along. I don't want for you to have nothing more done to me, and I don't want you to have no spirits about me. Be a friend. Yours,
>
> MRS. BENJAMIN SIMS.

The Agent was not conscious of having set spirits upon the old reprobate, and, if she has suffered from them, it would appear that even she has a conscience and is capable of remorse, or, what is more likely, that her mind is unbalanced and that she has hallucinations.

The morning after this busy day the household of the Deputy Sheriff assembled early, after their somewhat restless and interrupted night, and the Agent and her charge started off on a long drive to the railway station. By this time the strangeness had worn off a little, and, under the encouragement of a quiet tête-à-tête with the Agent, Lura became rather more communicative than she had been the day before. Questioned on the subject of her education, she reminisced vaguely about some four teachers, "marsters," as she called them, under whom she had at various times, and for extremely limited intervals, attended what she called "schule." "Look how many marsters, an' me not long yet," she concluded with a far-away expression.

The Agent endeavored to draw her out on the subject of her family. "Want ter know 'bout Till's sisters?" she responded. "Lord, yes, her got sisters, two of 'em—not real sisters, half-sisters. There's Adie, the old one. Her an' all sich a one lives over ter Slater Hill. Her got a husband? O God! Ain't her got a husband! Lyman's her man. Want ter know what Lyman does, do yer? He sets ter home all day. 'Count him don't set ter home all night," she added, slyly. "'Count him go huntin' fer chickens, or hams, or all sich a thing. Lyman ain't settin' ter home jest now," she concluded. "Him was tuck ter jail."

The Agent expressed an interest in Lyman's and Ada's offspring. "Want to know what the gels like, do yer? Them's not like together, them's different. Mat's the oldest; her ain't right; tain't no good fer her ter go ter schule—jest sets there. Mat's been tetched, an' us thought her was ketched; her out under the trees in the orchard an' up in the woods with a colored feller. My half-sister Adie was scared too. Colored feller's sister was awful good gel, but him ain't no good. Then there's Florence; her comes next—her be fourteen come nex' month. Florence ain't nothin' like Mat. Summer boarders allers took notice on her; they wouldn't never see Mat. Florence's been tetched too."

"Touched?" inquired the Agent.

"Yes, tetched by the colored feller an' all sich a one," the child added, vaguely.

"Why did she let the men do that?" asked the Agent.

"'Count them put a quarter, a big, new quarter, under her plate. She come downstairs in the mornin' an' found it there, else she wouldn't hev nothin' to do with 'em," explained Lura. "But she ain't been ketched," the little girl added, reassuringly.

The Agent understood all the significance of what the child's limited vocabulary and instinctive delicacy made it somewhat difficult to express. The Agent looked far away over the hills to where "all sich a one" lived. "I must get acquainted with those girls," she said.

"My God! How quick kin yer git over there?" inquired Lura, anxiously.

"I'll try to get over there pretty quick," said the Agent. Then she continued, encouragingly, "Is that all of the family?"

"Lord, no!" resumed Lura. "There's Isaac. Us calls him Zack. Him spits up blood somethin' awful. 'Count him's poorly."

"It sounds so," commented the Agent, dryly. "I guess I know a place in the Adirondacks for him—if it isn't too late."

"Then there was 'nother one," continued Lura. "Him's dead. Him was little, warn't big enough ter realize yet. Died in a fit, jest like a chicken, so shuck up was he.

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God! 'twas a sight! My half-sister Adie said it was 'count o' Mud, 'cuz Mud hed the evil eye—hed a spell on it, an' 'twouldn't never live after Mud looked on it. Adie said if she cud get her babies 'long far enough they'd live, but if Mud come 'long when they was small they'd die. You'd oughter seen Adie's babies—fat like anythin', and then they'd thin right down. Adie couldn't do nothin'; went ter lots o' doctors; didn't know what ter do. They jest died."

Having nothing to add to these interesting data on the evil eye, the Agent changed the subject.

"Why do you use so many swear words?" she asked.

"Swear words?" inquired Lura. "What's swear words?"

"God and Lord and Christ," explained the Agent. "Do you know who God and Christ are?"

Lura "'lowed she didn't know they was nobody." The Agent felt called upon to deliver herself of a brief résumé of the Christian theology. Lura listened with polite but somewhat detached interest, except for the part about the relation of Christmas to the personages of the story. This seemed to relate itself to some experience of her own. "So that's what a Christmas tree's 'bout?" she remarked. "Somebody ast Derp once ter come ter a house an' see a Christmas tree, but he said he'd seen a sight 'nough trees on Crow Hill 'thout goin' inter a house ter see one. So they hev trees in housen? Funny," she commented, after further meditation on the subject, "God took a swear word for a name."

The Agent wished to secure a photograph of the little girl, and took her on this first day to the studio of a photographer. She saw that the child was decently dressed, and even improved her appearance by one or two little touches, such as a scrap of linen to represent a hair ribbon on her hair. The photographic artist, however, demurred at being asked to take the child's picture. Apparently he wished to portray only the beautiful, and did not regard Lura as a suitable specimen. He was finally persuaded, however, to disfigure a couple of plates with her likeness, but he absolutely refused to have his name appear on the card mounts.

LURA ON NOVEMBER 11, 1910

What to do with Lura was a problem. She was taken for a night to an orphan asylum, but the other girls laughed at her strange appearance and stranger speech. She turned upon them fiercely. "If yer'd saw where I come from, I guess yer wouldn't laugh!" Next day she was taken to a smaller institution where the girls were older and more charitable. Here she found life full of interest and excitement, and made herself very popular both with the officers and with the other girls, being to them quite as much of a novelty as they were to her.

A careful medical examination of the child indicated that almost every function of her little body was disordered through neglect or abuse. Her eyesight was found to be very

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LURA ON DECEMBER 6, 1910

poor, but readily capable of complete restoration under treatment. Her digestion was totally out of order. Through habitual smoking from earliest childhood, she presented a rather bad case of nicotine poisoning, and found the deprivation of tobacco the only hardship in her new life, but a hardship which she could not but feel keenly. Since entering the institution Lura has had to spend much of her time in the infirmary. The careful medical supervision under which she has been placed, and the slow but sure progress that she is making towards health, promise her ultimate restoration to a normal physical condition.

In the first few weeks after her rescue Lura made an improvement in appearance which was almost miraculous. In less than a month she lost her wild, scared expression and her awkward carriage, and became a pretty, smiling young thing, with beautiful hair and laughing blue eyes and a jaunty manner. To those who had seen her on the eventful day of her rescue she was unrecognizable a month later. It is almost too much to expect that any one will believe that these pictures represent the same girl, and that one was taken six weeks after the other. As one person said, "If you told me that these were photographs of a famous actress in two of her best parts, I'd believe it." Perhaps Lura is a great actress; who knows? Her wonderful powers of imitation have made her already a great social success in the narrow circle in which she moves. Her mimicry of scenes at Charlie Dick's saloon with all the men drunk, "drunk like the devil, eyes turned right up to heaven," and the fights that she had seen there when sent for liquor, were indescribably funny and caused her auditors to shriek with laughter. In time she was made to realize that the actions and language at Charlie Dick's and other haunts of her mother's and brother's were somewhat reprehensible, and she would speak of the drunkenness of her relatives and former friends with a shake of the head and a look of disgust that were clearly a lifelike reproduction of the expression of the matron when discussing unpleasant subjects.

Institutional life, which seems dull to a child used to the excitement of home and school and society, is a wild orgy of happiness to Lura. "Nobody says a mean word here" she commented, with delighted surprise; "not one mean word have I got since I come here." People who have been starved cannot be fed food in normal quantities. Real life would probably be too much for Lura's mental digestion. The diluted dose of life that is doled out in institutions seems to be the diet that her system needs for the present.

The following extracts from a letter received recently from the superintendent of the institution in which Lura is being cared for give an interesting account of her progress:

"When Lura entered the school in December, she was in poor physical condition. She weighed seventy-seven pounds, and was pale and anæmic. Her eyes were in such bad

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condition that regular school work was impossible: She was also found to have adenoids and enlarged tonsils. In the early part of May she was fitted with glasses, which gave her great relief; and in the same month the left tonsil was removed and a severe hemorrhage followed, and her physical condition since has made it unwise either to have the right tonsil or the adenoids removed.

"She has been under constant observation since she came here, and much has been done to build up her general health. Since early spring Lura has been sleeping out of doors, which she greatly enjoys. Her weight at the present time is eighty-five pounds. Compared with a normal child, her advancement in the book school has been slow, but considering her mental attainment when she came and her physical condition since, I think in some ways her progress is quite remarkable. She is very fond of her school, and has been allowed to attend twice daily when her physical condition permitted it. She has her own peculiar ways of getting information, which are interesting. She could neither read nor write when she came to us, nor had she any number sense. She herself has expressed it by saying, 'I didn't know nothin' when I come here, only just cat on the blackboard.' She has nearly completed her first reader, and can do simple concrete number work. She is especially fond of nature study, and knows much more than she can readily express about plant and animal life.

"Lura is ambitious for an education, and works very hard, but easily becomes exhausted both mentally and physically. Her moral growth has been as peculiar as her mental. At first she seemed utterly unable to appreciate right or wrong, truth or falsehood, as the normal child does. It has taken patient effort and many concrete illustrations to make her understand even the simplest ethical laws. In manner she is gentle and ladylike, having a quiet sense of humor, and is fond of indulging in day-dreams. The other pupils are interested in her, and do much to help her. There have been times when it has seemed as though she had perhaps reached the limit of her possibilities. Then she seems to gather new vigor and again makes gratifying progress."

The story of this little girl who had lived all her life in a prosperous farming community in the Hudson River Valley is not an unusual one. The facts as they have been given are all absolutely accurate, the names only of the people and places having been changed.

The significant part of her story is the hope that her mental and physical emancipation brings to the thousands who are still enduring the life from which she has escaped.

NIGHT'S MARDI GRAS

BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

Night is the true democracy. When day
  Like some great monarch with his train has passed,
  In regal pomp and splendor to the last,
The stars troop forth along the Milky Way,
A jostling crowd, in radiant disarray,
  On heaven's broad boulevard in pageants vast.
  And things of earth, the hunted and outcast,
Come from their haunts and hiding-places; yea,
Even from the nooks and crannies of the mind
  Visions uncouth and vagrant fancies start,
    And specters of dead joy, that shun the light,
And impotent regrets and terrors blind,
  Each one, in form grotesque, playing its part
    In the fantastic Mardi Gras of Night.

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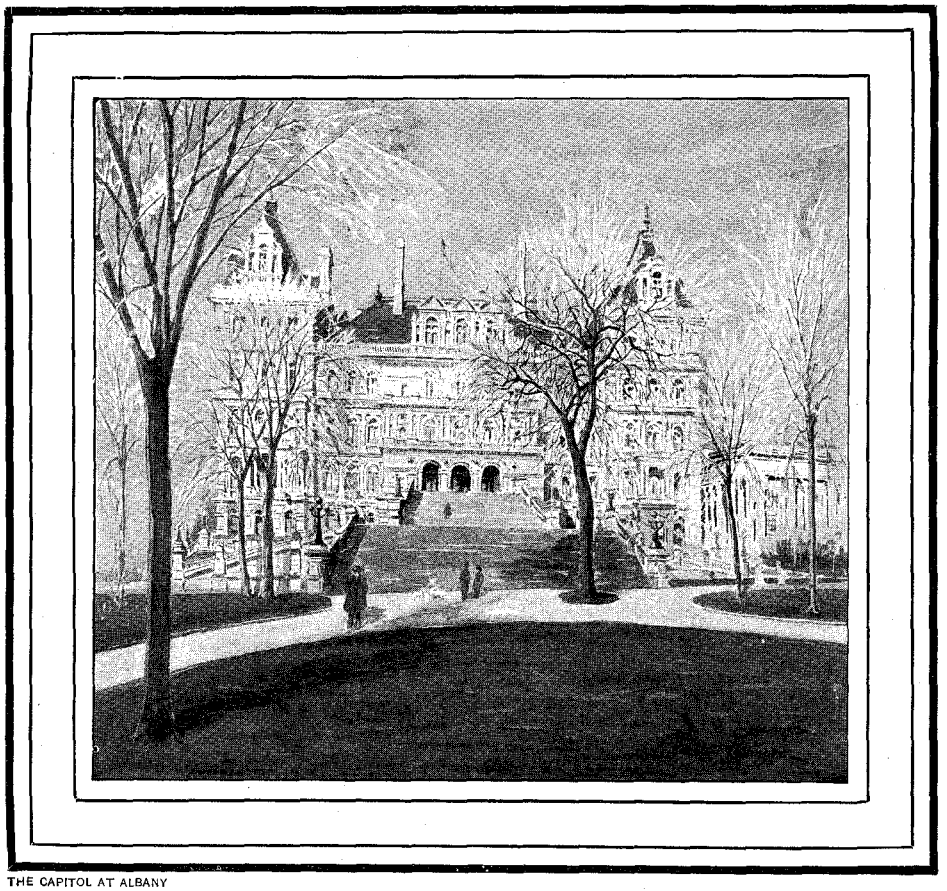

THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY

PRACTICAL POLITICS

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"[1]

WHEN I left Harvard, I took up the study of law. If I had been sufficiently fortunate to come under Professor Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, it may well be that I would have realized that the lawyer can do a great work for justice and against legalism.

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CAVEAT EMPTOR

But, doubtless chiefly through my own fault, some of the teaching of the law books and of the class-room seemed to me to be against justice. The *caveat emptor* side of the law, like the *caveat emptor* side of business, seemed to me repellent; it did not make for social fair dealing. The "let the buyer beware" maxim, when translated into actual practice, whether in law or business, tends to translate itself further into the seller making his profit at the expense of the

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buyer, instead of by a bargain which shall be to the profit of both. It did not seem to me that the law was framed to discourage as it should sharp practice, and all other kinds of bargains except those which are fair and of benefit to both sides. I was young; there was much in the judgment which I then formed on this matter which I should now revise; but, then as now, many of the big corporation lawyers, to whom the ordinary members of the bar then as now looked up, held certain standards which were difficult to recognize as compatible with the idealism I suppose every high-minded young man is apt to feel. If I had been obliged to earn every cent I spent, I should have gone wholeheartedly into the business of making both ends meet, and should have taken up the law or any other respectable occupation—for I then held, and now hold, the belief that a man's first duty is to pull his own weight and to take care of those dependent upon him; and I then believed, and now believe, that the greatest privilege and greatest duty for any man is to be happily married, and that no other form of success or service, for either man or woman, can be wisely accepted as a substitute or alternative. But it happened that I had been left enough money by my father not to make it necessary for me to think solely of earning bread for myself and my family. I had enough to get bread. What I had to do, if I wanted butter and jam, was to provide the butter and jam, but to count their cost as compared with other things. In other words, I made up my mind that, while I must earn money, I could afford to make earning money the secondary instead of the primary object of my career. If I had had no money at all, then my first duty would have been to earn it in any honest fashion. As I had some money, I felt that my need for more money was to be treated as a secondary need, and that while it was my business to make more money where I legitimately and properly could, yet that it was also my business to treat other kinds of work as more important than money-making.

BREAKING INTO POLITICS

Almost immediately after leaving Harvard in 1880 I began to take an interest in politics. I did not then believe, and I do not now believe, that any man should ever attempt to make politics his only career. It is a dreadful misfortune for a man to grow to feel that his whole livelihood and whole happiness depend upon his staying in office. Such a feeling prevents him from being of real service to the people while in office, and always puts him under the heaviest strain of pressure to barter his convictions for the sake of holding office. A man should have some other occupation—I had several other occupations—to which he can resort if at any time he is thrown out of office, or if at any time he finds it necessary to choose a course which will probably result in his being thrown out, unless he is willing to stay in at cost to his conscience.

At that day, in 1880, a young man of my bringing up and convictions could join only the Republican party, and join it I accordingly did. It was no simple thing to join it then. That was long before the era of ballot reform and the control of primaries; long before the era when we realized that the Government must take official notice of the deeds and acts of party organizations. The party was still treated as a private corporation, and in each district the organization formed a kind of social and political club. A man had to be regularly proposed for and elected into this club, just as into any other club. As a friend of mine picturesquely phrased it, I "had to break into the organization with a jimmy."

Under these circumstances there was some difficulty in joining the local organization, and considerable amusement and excitement to be obtained out of it after I had joined.

THE GOVERNING CLASS

It was over thirty-three years ago that I thus became a member of the Twenty-first District Republican Association in the city of New York. The men I knew best were the men in the clubs of social pretension and the men of cultivated taste and easy life. When I began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the local Republican Association and the means of joining it, these men—and the big business men and lawyers also—laughed at me, and told me that politics were "low;" that the organizations were not controlled by "gentlemen;" that I would find them run by saloon-keepers, horse-car conductors, and the like, and not by men with any of whom I would come in contact outside; and, moreover, they assured me that the men I met would be rough and brutal and unpleasant to deal with. I answered that if this were so it merely meant that the people I knew did not belong to the govern-

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ing class, and that the other people did—and that I intended to be one of the governing class; that if they proved too hard-bit for me I supposed I would have to quit, but that I certainly would not quit until I had made the effort and found out whether I really was too weak to hold my own in the rough and tumble.

"A BIG LEADER WAS JAKE HESS"

JAKE HESS AND MORTON HALL

The Republican Association of which I became a member held its meetings in Morton Hall, a large, barn-like room over a saloon. Its furniture was of the canonical kind: dingy benches, spittoons, a dais at one end with a table and chair and a stout pitcher for iced water, and on the walls pictures of General Grant, and of Levi P. Morton, to whose generosity we owed the room. We had regular meetings once or twice a month, and between times the place was treated, at least on certain nights, as a kind of club-room. I went around there often enough to have the men get accustomed to me and to have me get accustomed to them, so that we began to speak the same language, and so that each could begin to live down in the other's mind what Bret Harte has called "the defective moral quality of being a stranger." It is not often that a man can make opportunities for himself. But he can put himself in such shape that when or if the opportunities come he is ready to take advantage of them. This was what happened to me in connection with my experiences in Morton Hall. I soon became on good terms with a number of the ordinary "heelers" and even some of the minor leaders. The big leader was Jake Hess, who treated me with rather distant affability. There were prominent lawyers and business men who belonged, but they took little part in the actual meetings. What they did was done elsewhere. The running of the machine was left to Jake Hess and his captains of tens and of hundreds.

JOE MURRAY

Among these lesser captains I soon struck up a friendship with Joe Murray, a friendship which is as strong now as it was thirty-three years ago. He had been born in Ireland, but brought to New York by his parents when he was three or four years old, and, as he expressed it, "raised as a barefooted boy on First Avenue." When not eighteen he had enlisted in the Army of the Potomac and taken part in the campaign that closed the Civil War. Then he came back to First Avenue, and, being a fearless, powerful, energetic young fellow, careless and reckless, speedily grew to some prominence as leader of a gang. In that district, and at that time, politics was a rough business, and Tammany Hall held unquestioned sway. The district was overwhelmingly Democratic, and Joe and his friends were Democrats who on election day performed the usual gang work for the local Democratic leader, whose business it was to favor and reward them in return. This same local leader, like many other greater leaders, became puffed up by prosperity, and forgot the instruments through which he had achieved prosperity. After one election he showed a callous indifference to the hard work of the gang, and complete disregard of his before-election promises. He counted upon the resentment wearing itself out, as usual, in threats and bluster.

THE GANG'S REVENGE

But Joe Murray was not a man who forgot. He explained to his gang his purposes and the necessity of being quiet. Accordingly they waited for their revenge until the next election day. They then, as Joe expressed it, decided "to vote furdest away from the leader"—I am using the language of Joe's youth—and the best way to do this was to

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vote the Republican ticket. In those days each party had a booth near the polling-place in each election district, where the party representative dispensed the party ballots. This had been a district in which, as a rule, very early in the day the Republican election leader had his hat knocked over his eyes and his booth kicked over and his ballots scattered; and then the size of the Democratic majority depended on an elastic appreciation of exactly how much was demanded from headquarters. But on this day things went differently. The gang, with a Roman sense of duty, took an active interest in seeing that the Republican was given his full rights. Moreover, they made the most energetic reprisals on their opponents, and as they were distinctly the tough and fighting element, justice came to her own with a whoop. Would-be repeaters were thrown out on their heads. Every person who could be cajoled or, I fear, intimidated, was given the Republican ticket, and the upshot was that at the end of the day a district which had never hitherto polled more than two or three per cent of its Republican vote broke about even between the two parties.

JOE MURRAY'S REWARD

To Joe it had been merely an act of retribution in so far as it was not simply a spree. But the leaders at the Republican headquarters did not know this, and when they got over their paralyzed astonishment at the returns, they investigated to find out what it meant. Somebody told them that it represented the work of a young man named Joseph Murray. Accordingly they sent for him. The room in which they received him was doubtless some place like Morton Hall, and the men who received him were akin to those who had leadership in Morton Hall; but in Joe's eyes they stood for a higher civilization, for opportunity, for generous recognition of successful effort—in short, for all the things that an eager young man desires. He was received and patted on the back by a man who was a great man to the world in which he lived. He was introduced to the audience as a young man whose achievement was such as to promise much for the future, and moreover he was given a place in the post-office—as I have said, this was long before the dav of Civil Service Reform.

OUR FIRST ROW

Now, to the wrong kind of man all this might have meant nothing at all. But in Joe Murray's case it meant everything. He was by nature as straight a man, as fearless and as stanchly loyal, as any one whom I have ever met, a man to be trusted in any position demanding courage, integrity, and good faith. He did his duty in the public service, and became devotedly attached to the organization which he felt had given him his chance in life. When I knew him he was already making his way up; one of the proofs and evidences of which was that he owned a first-class racing trotter—"Alice Lane"—behind which he gave me more than one spin. During this first winter I grew to like Joe and his particular cronies. But I had no idea that they especially returned the liking, and in the first row we had in the organization (which arose over a movement, that I backed, to stand by a non-partisan method of street-cleaning) Joe and all his friends stood stiffly with the machine, and my side, the reform side, was left with only some half-dozen votes out of three or four hundred. I had expected no other outcome and took it good-humoredly, but without changing my attitude.

THE LEGISLATURE

Next fall, as the elections drew near, Joe thought he would like to make a drive at Jake Hess, and after considerable planning decided that his best chance lay in the fight for the nomination to the Assembly, the lower house of the Legislature. He picked me as the candidate with whom he would be most likely to win; and win he did. It was not my fight, it was Joe's; and it was to him that I owe my entry into politics. I had at that time neither the reputation nor the ability to have won the nomination for myself, and indeed never would have thought of trying for it.

Jake Hess was entirely good-humored about it. In spite of my being anti-machine, my relations with him had been friendly and human, and when he was beaten he turned in to help Joe elect me. At first they thought they would take me on a personal canvass through the saloons along Sixth Avenue. The canvass, however, did not last beyond the first saloon. I was introduced with proper solemnity to the saloon-keeper—a very important personage, for this was before the days when saloon-keepers became merely the mortgaged chattels of the brewers—and he began to cross-examine me, a little too much in the tone of one who was dealing with a suppliant for his favor. He said he

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expected that I would of course treat the liquor business fairly; to which I answered, none too cordially, that I hoped I should treat all interests fairly. He then said that he regarded the licenses as too high; to which I responded that I believed they were really not high enough, and that I should try to have them made higher. The conversation threatened to become stormy. Messrs. Murray and Hess, on some hastily improvised plea, took me out into the street, and then Joe explained to me that it was not worth my while staying in Sixth Avenue any longer, that I had better go right back to Fifth Avenue and attend to my friends there, and that he would look after my interests on Sixth Avenue. I was triumphantly elected.

JOSEPH MURRAY AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY

"By nature a straight man, as fearless and as stanchly loyal as any one whom I have ever met—a man to be trusted in any position demanding courage, integrity, and good faith"

FELLOWSHIP OF WORK

Once before Joe had interfered in similar fashion and secured the nomination of an Assemblyman; and shortly after election he had grown to feel toward this Assemblyman that he must have fed on the meat which rendered Cæsar proud, as he become inaccessible to the ordinary mortals whose place of resort was Morton Hall. He eyed me warily for a short time to see if I was likely in this respect to follow in my predecessor's footsteps. Finding that I did not, he and all my other friends and supporters assumed toward me the very pleasantest attitude that it was possible to assume. They did not ask me for a thing. They accepted as a matter of course the view that I was absolutely straight and was trying to do the best I could in the Legislature. They desired nothing except that I should make a success, and they supported me with hearty enthusiasm. I am a little at a loss to know quite how to express the quality in my relationship with Joe Murray and my other friends of this period which rendered that relationship so beneficial to me. When I went into politics at this time I was not conscious of going in with the set purpose to benefit other people, but of getting for myself a privilege to which I was entitled in common with other people. So it was in my relationship with these men. If there had lurked in the innermost recesses of my mind anywhere the thought that I was in some way a patron or a benefactor, or was doing something noble by taking part in politics, or that I expected the smallest consideration save what I could earn on my own merits, I am certain that somehow or other the existence of that feeling would have been known and resented. As a matter of fact, there was not the slightest temptation on my part to have any such feeling or any one of such feelings. I no more expected special consideration in politics than I would have expected it in the boxing ring. I wished to act squarely to

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others, and I wished to be able to show that I could hold my own as against others. The attitude of my new friends toward me was first one of polite reserve, and then that of friendly allies. Afterwards I became admitted to comradeship, and then to leadership. I need hardly say how earnestly I believe that men should have a keen and lively sense of their obligations in politics, of their duty to help forward great causes, and to struggle for the betterment of conditions that are unjust to their fellows, the men and women who are less fortunate in life. But in addition to this feeling there must be a feeling of real fellowship with the other men and women engaged in the same task, fellowship of work, with fun to vary the work; for unless there is this feeling of fellowship, of common effort on an equal plane for a common end, it will be difficult to keep the relations wholesome and natural. To be patronized is as offensive as to be insulted. No one of us cares permanently to have some one else conscientiously striving to do him good; what we want is to work with that some one else for the good of both of us—any man will speedily find that other people can benefit him just as much as he can benefit them.

THE ELEMENTAL VIRTUES

Neither Joe Murray nor I nor any of our associates at that time were alive to social and industrial needs which we now all of us recognize. But we then had very clearly before our minds the need of practically applying certain elemental virtues, the virtues of honesty and efficiency in politics, the virtue of efficiency side by side with honesty in private and public life alike, the virtues of consideration and fair dealing in business as between man and man, and especially as between the man who is an employer and the man who is an employee. On all fundamental questions Joe Murray and I thought alike. We never parted company excepting on the question of Civil Service Reform, where he sincerely felt that I showed doctrinaire affinities, that I sided with the pharisees. We got back again into close relations as soon as I became Police Commissioner under Mayor Strong, for Joe was then made Excise Commissioner, and was, I believe, the best Excise Commissioner the city of New York ever had. He is now a farmer, his boys have been through Columbia College, and he and I look at the questions, political, social, and industrial, which confront us in 1913 from practically the same standpoint, just as we once looked at the questions that confronted us in 1881.

MY DEBT TO JOE MURRAY

There are many debts that I owe Joe Murray, and some for which he was only unconsciously responsible. I do not think that a man is fit to do good work in our American democracy unless he is able to have a genuine fellow-feeling for, understanding of, and sympathy with his fellow-Americans, whatever their creed or their birthplace, the section in which they live, or the work which they do, provided they possess the only kind of Americanism that really counts, the Americanism of the spirit. It was no small help to me, in the effort to make myself a good citizen and good American, that the political associate with whom I was on closest and most intimate terms during my early years was a man born in Ireland, by creed a Catholic, with Joe Murray's upbringing; just as it helped me greatly at a later period to work for certain vitally necessary public needs with Arthur von Briesen, in whom the spirit of the "Acht-und-Vierziger" idealists was embodied; just as my whole life was influenced by my long association with Jacob Riis, whom I am tempted to call the best American I ever knew, although he was already a young man when he came hither from Denmark.

I was elected to the Legislature in the fall of 1881, and found myself the youngest man in that body. I was re-elected the two following years. Like all young men and inexperienced members, I had considerable difficulty in teaching myself to speak. I profited much by the advice of a hard-headed old countryman—who was unconsciously paraphrasing the Duke of Wellington, who was himself doubtless paraphrasing somebody else. The advice ran: "Don't speak until you are sure you have something to say, and know just what it is; then say it, and sit down."

My first days in the Legislature were much like those of a boy in a strange school. My fellow-legislators and I eyed one another with mutual distrust. Each of us chose his seat, each began by following the lead of some veteran in the first routine matters, and then, in a week or two, we began to drift into groups according to our several affinities. The Legislature was Democratic. I was a

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Republican from the "silk stocking" district, the wealthiest district in New York, and I was put, as one of the minority members, on the Committee of Cities. It was a coveted position. I did not make any effort to get on, and, as far as I know, was put there merely because it was felt to be in accordance with the fitness of things.

A very short experience showed me that, as the Legislature was then constituted, the so-called party contests had no interest whatever for me. There was no real party division on most of the things that were of concern in State politics, both Republicans and Democrats being for and against them. My friendships were made, not with regard to party lines, but because I found, and my friends found, that we had the same convictions on questions of principle and questions of policy. The only difference was that there was a larger proportion of these men among the Republicans than among the Democrats, and that it was easier for me at the outset to scrape acquaintance, among the men who felt as I did, with the Republicans. They were for the most part from the country districts.

BILLY O'NEILL

My closest friend for the three years I was there was Billy O'Neill, from the Adirondacks. He kept a small crossroads store. He was a young man, although a few years older than I was, and, like myself, had won his position without regard to the machine. He had thought he would like to be Assemblyman, so he had taken his buggy and had driven around Franklin County visiting everybody, had upset the local ring, and came to the Legislature as his own master. There is surely something in American traditions that does tend toward real democracy in spite of our faults and shortcomings. In most other countries two men of as different antecedents, ancestry, and surroundings as Billy O'Neill and I would have had far more difficulty in coming together. I came from the biggest city in America and from the wealthiest ward of that city, and he from a backwoods county where he kept a store at a crossroads. In all the unimportant things we seemed far apart. But in all the important things we were close together. We looked at all questions from substantially the same view-point, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in every legislative fight during those three years. He abhorred demagogy just as he abhorred corruption. He had thought much on political problems; he admired Alexander Hamilton as much as I did, being a strong believer in a powerful National government; and we both of us differed from Alexander Hamilton in being stout adherents of Abraham Lincoln's views wherever the rights of the people were concerned. Any man who has met with success, if he will be frank with himself, must admit that there has been a big element of fortune in the success. Fortune favored me, whereas her hand was heavy against Billy O'Neill. All his life he had to strive hard to wring his bread from harsh surroundings and a reluctant fate; if fate had been but a little kinder, I believe he would have had a great political career; and he would have done good service for the country in any position in which he might have been put.

There were other Republicans, like Isaac Hunt and Jonas van Duzer and Walter Howe and Henry Sprague, who were among my close friends and allies; and a gigantic one-eyed veteran of the Civil War, a gallant General, Curtis from St. Lawrence County; and a capital fellow, whom afterwards, when Governor, I put on the bench, Kruse, from Cattaraugus County. Kruse was a German by birth; as far as I know, the only German from Cattaraugus County at that time; and, besides being a German, he was also a Prohibitionist. Among the Democrats were Hamden Robb and Thomas Newbold, and Tom Welch of Niagara, who did a great service in getting the State to set aside Niagara Falls Park—after a discouraging experience with the first Governor before whom we brought the bill, who listened with austere patience to our arguments in favor of the State establishing a park, and then conclusively answered us by the question, "But, gentlemen, why should we spend the people's money when just as much water will run over the Falls without a park as with it?" Then there were a couple of members from New York and Brooklyn, Mike Costello and Pete Kelly.

MIKE COSTELLO

Mike Costello had been elected as a Tammany man. He was as fearless as he was honest. He came from Ireland, and had accepted the Tammany Fourth of July orations as indicating the real attitude of that organization towards the rights of the people. A month or two in Albany con-

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verted him to a profound distrust of applied Tammany methods. He and I worked hand in hand with equal indifference to our local machines. His machine leaders warned him fairly that they would throw him out at the next election, which they did; but he possessed a seasoned-hickory toughness of ability to contend with adverse circumstances, and kept his head well above water. A better citizen does not exist; and our friendship has never faltered.

PETER KELLY

Peter Kelly's fate was a tragedy. He was a bright, well-educated young fellow, an ardent believer in Henry George. At the beginning he and I failed to understand each other or to get on together, for our theories of government were radically opposed. After a couple of months spent in active contests with men whose theories had nothing whatever to do with their practices, Kelly and I found in our turn that it really did not make much difference what our abstract theories were on questions that were not before the Legislature, in view of the fact that on the actual matters before the Legislature, the most important of which involved questions of elementary morality, we were heartily at one. We began to vote together and act together, and by the end of the session found that in all practical matters that were up for action we thought together. Indeed, each of us was beginning to change his theories, so that even in theory we were coming closer together. He was ardent and generous; he was a young lawyer, with a wife and children, whose ambition had tempted him into politics, and who had been befriended by the local bosses under the belief that they could count upon him for anything they really wished. Unfortunately, what they really wished was often corrupt. Kelly defied them, fought the battles of the people with ardor and good faith, and when the bosses refused him a renomination, he appealed from them to the people. When we both came up for re-election, I won easily in my district, where circumstances conspired to favor me; and Kelly, with exactly the same record that I had, except that it was more creditable because he took his stand against greater odds, was beaten in his district. Defeat to me would have meant merely chagrin; to Kelly it meant terrible material disaster. He had no money. Like every rigidly honest man, he had found that going into politics was expensive, and that his salary as Assemblyman did not cover the financial outgo. He had lost his practice and he had incurred the ill will of the powerful, so that it was impossible at the moment to pick up his practice again; and the worry and disappointment affected him so much that shortly after election he was struck down by sickness. Just before Christmas some of us were informed that Kelly was in such financial straits that he and his family would be put out into the street before New Year. This was prevented by the action of some of his friends who had served with him in the Legislature, and he recovered, at least to a degree, and took up the practice of his profession. But he was a broken man. In the Legislature in which he served one of his fellow-Democrats from Brooklyn was the Speaker—Alfred C. Chapin, the leader and the foremost representative of the reform Democracy, whom Kelly zealously supported. A few years later Chapin, a very able man, was elected Mayor of Brooklyn on a reform Democratic ticket. Shortly after his election I was asked to speak at a meeting in a Brooklyn club at which various prominent citizens, including the Mayor, were present. I spoke on civic decency, and toward the close of my speech I sketched Kelly's career for my audience, told them how he had stood up for the rights of the people of Brooklyn, and how the people had failed to stand up for him, and the way he had been punished, precisely because he had been a good citizen who acted as a good citizen should act. I ended by saying that the reform Democracy had now come into power, that Mr. Chapin was Mayor, and that I very earnestly hoped recognition would at last be given to Kelly for the fight he had waged at such bitter cost to himself. My words created some impression, and Mayor Chapin at once said that he would take care of Kelly and see that justice was done him. I went home that evening much pleased. In the morning, at breakfast, I received a brief note from Chapin in these words: "It was nine last evening when you finished speaking of what Kelly had done, and when I said that I would take care of him. At ten last night Kelly died." He had been dying while I was making my speech, and he never knew that at last there was to be a tardy recognition of what he had done, a tardy justification for the sacrifices he had made. The man had fought, at heavy cost to himself and with entire disinterestedness, for popular rights;

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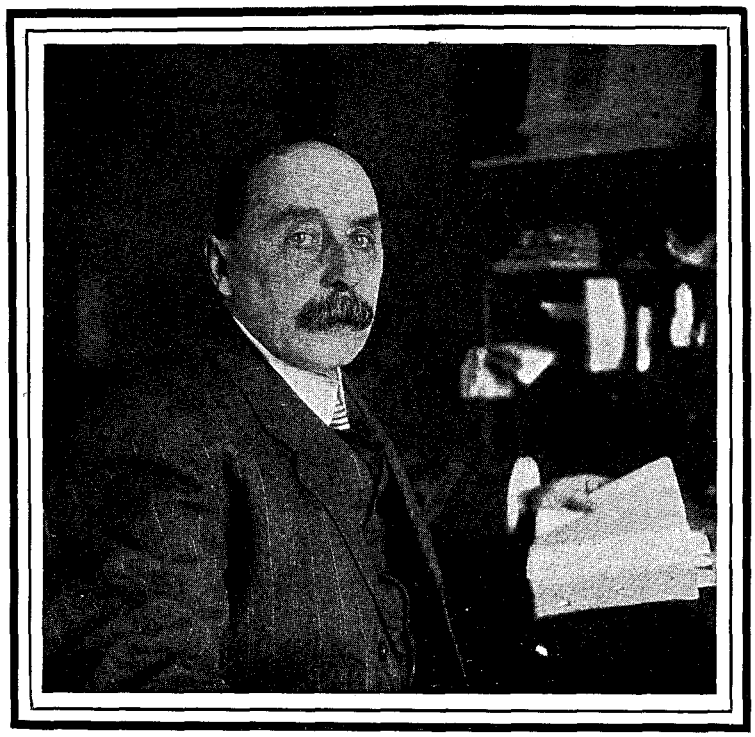
but no recognition for what he had done had come to him from the people, whose interest he had so manfully upheld.

THEN AND NOW

Where there is no chance of statistical or mathematical measurement, it is very hard to tell just the degree to which conditions change from one period to another. This is peculiarly hard to do when we deal with such a matter as corruption. Personally I am inclined to think that in public life we are on the whole a little better and not a little worse than we were thirty years ago, when I was serving in the New York Legislature. I think the conditions are a little better in National, in State, and in municipal politics. Doubtless there are points in which they are worse, and there is an enormous amount that needs reformation. But it does seem to me as if, on the whole, things had slightly improved.



MICHAEL J. COSTELLO AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY
"A better citizen does not exist"

BOSSISM

When I went into politics, New York City was under the control of Tammany, which was from time to time opposed by some other—and evanescent—city Democratic organization. The up-country Democrats had not yet fallen under Tammany sway, and were on the point of developing a big country political boss in the shape of David B. Hill. The Republican party was split into the Stalwart and Half-Breed factions. Accordingly neither party had one dominant boss, or one dominant machine, each being controlled by jarring and warring bosses and machines. The corruption was not what it had been in the days of Tweed, when outside individuals controlled the legislators like pups. Nor was there any such centralization of the boss system as occurred later. Many of the members were under the control of local bosses or local machines. But the corrupt work was usually done through the members directly.

Of course I never had anything in the nature of legal proof of corruption, and the figures I am about to give are merely approximate. But three years' experience convinced me, in the first place, that there were a great many thoroughly corrupt men in the Legislature, perhaps a third of the whole number; and, in the next place, that

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the honest men outnumbered the corrupt men, and that, if it were ever possible to get an issue of right and wrong put vividly and unmistakably before them in a way that would arrest their attention and that would arrest the attention of their constituents, we could count on the triumph of the right. The trouble was that in most cases the issue was confused. To read some kinds of literature one would come to the conclusion that the only corruption in legislative circles was in the form of bribery by corporations, and that the line was sharp between the honest man who was always voting against corporations and the dishonest man who was always bribed to vote for them. My experience was the direct contrary of this. For every one bill introduced (not passed) corruptly to favor a corporation, there were at least ten introduced (not passed, and in this case not intended to be passed) to blackmail corporations. The majority of the corrupt members would be found voting for the blackmailing bills if they were not paid, and would also be found voting in the interests of the corporation if they were paid. The blackmailing, or, as they were always called, the "strike" bills, could themselves be roughly divided into two categories: bills which it would have been proper to pass, and those that it would not have been proper to pass. Some of the bills aimed at corporations were utterly wild and improper; and of these a proportion might be introduced by honest and foolish zealots, whereas most of them were introduced by men who had not the slightest intention of passing them, but who wished to be paid not to pass them. The most profitable type of bill to the accomplished blackmailer, however, was a bill aimed at a real corporate abuse which the corporation, either from wickedness or folly, was unwilling to remedy. Of the measures introduced in the interest of corporations there were also some that were proper and some that were improper. The corrupt legislators, the "black horse cavalry," as they were termed, would demand payment to vote as the corporations wished, no matter whether the bill was proper or improper. Sometimes, if the bill was a proper one, the corporation would have the virtue or the strength of mind to refuse to pay for its passage, and sometimes it would not.

A very slight consideration of the above state of affairs will show how difficult it was at times to keep the issue clear, for honest and dishonest men were continually found side by side voting now against and now for a corporation measure, the one set from proper and the other set from grossly improper motives. Of course part of the fault lay in the attitude of outsiders. It was very early borne in upon me that almost equal harm was done by indiscriminate defense of, and indiscriminate attack on, corporations. It was hard to say whether the man who prided himself upon always antagonizing the corporations, or the man who, on the plea that he was a good conservative, always stood up for them, was the more mischievous agent of corruption and demoralization.

THE LOBBYISTS

In one fight in the House over a bill as to which there was a bitter contest between two New York City street railway organizations, I saw lobbyists come down on the floor itself and draw venal men out into the lobbies with almost no pretense of concealing what they were doing. In another case in which the elevated railway corporations of New York City, against the protest of the Mayor and the other local authorities, rushed through a bill remitting over half their taxes, some of the members who voted for the measure probably thought it was right; but every corrupt man in the House voted with them; and the man must indeed have been stupid who thought that these votes were given disinterestedly.

The effective fight against this bill for the revision of the elevated railway taxes—perhaps the most openly crooked measure which during my time was pushed at Albany—was waged by Mike Costello and myself. We used to spend a good deal of time in industrious research into the various bills introduced, so as to find out what their authors really had in mind; this research, by the way, being highly unappreciated and much resented by the authors. In the course of his researches Mike had been puzzled by an unimportant bill, seemingly related to a Constitutional amendment, introduced by a local saloon-keeper, whose interests, as far as we knew, were wholly remote from the Constitution, or from any form of abstract legal betterment. However, the measure seemed harmless; we did not interfere; and it passed the House. Mike, however, followed its career in the Senate, and at the last moment, almost by accident, discovered that it had been "amended" by the simple process of striking out everything after the enacting

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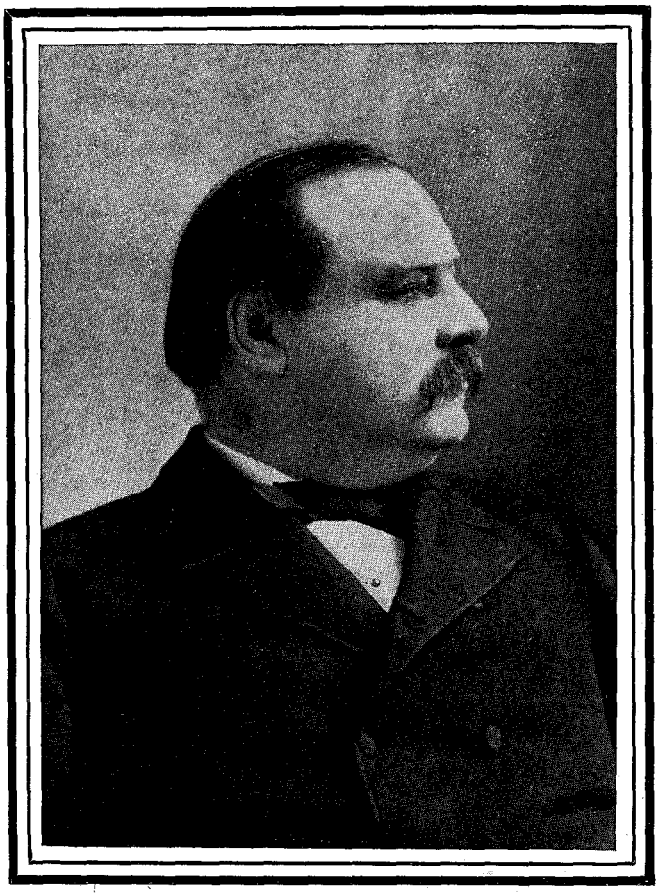

GROVER CLEVELAND WHEN HE WAS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE IN 1883

At this time Theodore Roosevelt was a member of the Legislature

clause and unobtrusively substituting the proposal to remit the elevated railway taxes! The authors of the change wished to avoid unseemly publicity; their hope was to slip the measure through the Legislature and have it instantly signed by the Governor, before any public attention was excited. In the Senate their plan worked to perfection. There was in the Senate no fighting leadership of the forces of decency; and for such leadership of the non-fighting type the representatives of corruption cared absolutely nothing. By bold and adroit management the substitution in the Senate was effected without opposition or comment. The bill (in reality, of course, an absolutely new and undebated bill) then came back to the House nominally as a merely amended measure, which, under the rules, was not open to debate unless the amendment was first by vote rejected. This was the great bill of the session for the lobby; and the lobby was keenly alive to the need of quick, wise action. No public attention whatever had so far been excited. Every measure was taken to secure immediate and silent action. A powerful leader, whom the beneficiaries of the bill trusted, a fearless and unscrupulous man, of much force and great knowledge of parliamentary law, was put in the chair. Costello and I were watched; and when for a moment we were out of the House, the bill was brought over from the Senate, and the clerk began to read it, all the black horse cavalry, in expectant mood, being in their seats. But Mike Costello, who was in the clerk's room, happened to catch a few words of what was being read. In he rushed, despatched a messenger for me, and began a single-handed filibuster. The Speaker pro tem called him to order. Mike continued to speak and protest; the Speaker hammered

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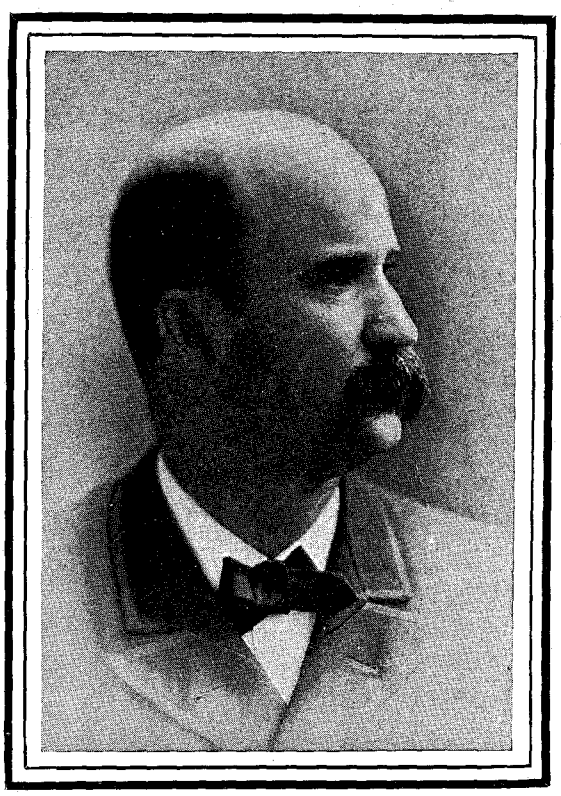
him down; Mike continued his protests; the sergeant-at-arms was sent to arrest and remove him; and then I bounced in, and continued the protest, and refused to sit down or be silent. Amid wild confusion the amendment was declared adopted, and the bill was ordered engrossed and sent to the Governor. But we had carried our point. The next morning the whole press rang with what had happened; every detail of the bill, and every detail of the way it had been slipped through the Legislature, were made public. All the slow and cautious men in the House, who had been afraid of taking sides, now came forward in support of us. Another debate was held on the proposal to rescind the vote; the city authorities waked up to protest; the Governor refused to sign the bill. Two or three years later, after much litigation, the taxes were paid; in the newspapers it was stated that the amount was about $800,000. It was Mike Costello to whom primarily was due the fact that this sum was saved the public, and that the forces of corruption received a stinging rebuff. He did not expect recognition or reward for his services; and he got none. The public, if it knew of what he had done, promptly forgot it. The machine did not forget it, and turned him down at the next election.



"THE UP-COUNTRY DEMOCRATS HAD NOT YET FALLEN UNDER TAMMANY SWAY AND WERE ON THE POINT OF DEVELOPING A BIG COUNTY POLITICAL BOSS IN THE SHAPE OF DAVID B. HILL"

One of the stand-by "strikes" was a bill for reducing the elevated railway fare, which at that time was ten cents, to five cents. In one Legislature the men responsible for the introduction of the bill suffered such an extraordinary change of heart that when the bill came up—being pushed by zealous radicals who really were honest—the introducers actually voted against it! A number of us who had been very doubtful about the principle of the bill voted for it simply because we were convinced that money was being used to stop it, and we hated to seem to side with the corruptionists. Then there came a wave of popular feeling in its favor, the bill was reintroduced at the next session, the railways very wisely decided that they would simply fight it on its merits, and the entire black horse cavalry contingent, together with all the former friends of the measure, voted against it. Some of us, who in our anger at the methods formerly resorted to for killing the bill had voted for it the previous year, with much heart-searching again voted for it, as I now think unwisely; and the bill was vetoed by the then Governor, Grover Cleveland. I believe the veto was proper, and those who felt as I did supported the veto; for although it was entirely right that the fare should be reduced to five cents, which was soon afterwards done, the method was unwise, and would have set a mischievous precedent.

An instance of an opposite kind occurred in connection with a great railway corporation which wished to increase its terminal facilities in one of our great cities. The representatives of the railway brought the bill to me and asked me to look into it, saying that they were well aware that it was the kind of bill that lent itself to blackmail, and that they wished to get it through on its merits, and invited the most careful examination. I looked carefully into it, found that the municipal authorities and the property-owners whose

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property was to be taken favored it, and also found that it was an absolute necessity from the standpoint of the city no less than from the standpoint of the railway. So I said I would take charge of it if I had guarantees that no money should be used and nothing improper done in order to push it. This was agreed to. I was then acting as chairman of the committee before which the bill went.

CROOKED POLITICS

A very brief experience proved what I had already been practically sure of, that there was a secret combination of the majority of the committee on a crooked basis. On one pretext or another the crooked members of the committee held the bill up, refusing to report it either favorably or unfavorably. There were one or two members of the committee who were pretty rough characters, and when I decided to force matters I was not sure that we would not have trouble. There was a broken chair in the room, and I got a leg of it loose and put it down beside me where it was not visible, but where I might get at it in a hurry if necessary. I moved that the bill be reported favorably. This was voted down without debate by the "combine," some of whom kept a wooden stolidity of look, while others leered at me with sneering insolence. I then moved that it be reported unfavorably, and again the motion was voted down by the same majority and in the same fashion. I then put the bill in my pocket and announced that I would report it anyhow. This almost precipitated a riot, especially when I explained, in answer to statements that my conduct would be exposed on the floor of the Legislature, that in that case I should give the Legislature the reasons why I suspected that the men holding up all report of the bill were holding it up for purposes of blackmail. The riot did not come off; partly, I think, because the opportune production of the chair-leg had a sedative effect, and partly owing to wise counsels from one or two of my opponents.

Accordingly I got the bill reported to the Legislature and put on the calendar. But here it came to a dead halt. I think this was chiefly because most of the newspapers which noticed the matter at all treated it in such a cynical spirit as to encourage the men who wished to blackmail. These papers reported the introduction of the bill, and said that "all the hungry legislators were clamoring for their share of the pie;" and they accepted as certain the fact that there was going to be a division of "pie." This succeeded in frightening honest men, and also in relieving the rogues; the former were afraid they would be suspected of receiving money if they voted for the bill, and the latter were given a shield behind which to stand until they were paid. I was wholly unable to move the bill forward in the Legislature, and finally a representative of the railway told me that he thought he would like to take the bill out of my hands, that I did not seem able to get it through, and that perhaps some "older and more experienced" leader could be more successful. I was pretty certain what this meant, but of course I had no kind of proof, and moreover I was not in a position to say that I could promise success. Accordingly, the bill was given into the charge of a veteran, whom I believe to have been a personally honest man, but who was not inquisitive about the motives influencing his colleagues. This gentleman, who went by a nickname which I shall incorrectly call "the bald eagle of Weehawken," was efficient and knew his job. After a couple of weeks a motion to put the bill through was made by "the bald eagle;" the "black horse cavalry," whose feelings had undergone a complete change in the intervening time, voted unanimously for it, in company with all the decent members; and that was the end. Now here was a bit of work, in the interest of a corporation and in the interest of a community, which the corporation at first tried honestly to have put through on its merits. The blame for the failure lay primarily in the supine indifference of the community to legislative wrong-doing, so long as only the corporations were blackmailed.

"THE VERGE OF JUDICIAL DISCRETION"

Except as above mentioned, I was not brought in contact with big business, save in the effort to impeach a certain judge. This judge had been used as an instrument in their business by certain of the men connected with the elevated railways and other great corporations at that time. We got hold of his correspondence with one of these men, and it showed a shocking willingness to use the judicial office in any way that one of the kings of finance of that day desired. He had actually held court in one of that financier's rooms. One expression in one of the judge's letters to this financier I shall always remember: "I am willing to go to the very verge of judicial

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discretion to serve your vast interests." The curious thing was that I was by no means certain that the judge himself was corrupt. He may have been; but I am inclined to think that, aside from his being a man of coarse moral fiber, the trouble lay chiefly in the fact that he had a genuine—if I had not so often seen it, I would say a wholly inexplicable—reverence for the possessor of a great fortune as such. He sincerely believed that business was the end of existence, and that judge and legislator alike should do whatever was necessary to favor it; and the bigger the business the more he desired to favor it. Big business of the kind that is allied with politics thoroughly appreciated the usefulness of such a judge, and every effort was strained to protect him. We fought hard—by "we" I mean some thirty or forty legislators, both Republicans and Democrats—but the "black horse cavalry," and the timid good men, and the dull conservative men, were all against us; and the vote in the Legislature was heavily against impeachment. The minority of the committee that investigated him, with Chapin at its head, recommended impeachment; the argument for impeachment before the committee was made by Francis Lynde Stetson.

It was my first experience of the kind. Various men whom I had known well socially and had been taught to look up to, prominent business men and lawyers, acted in a way which not only astounded me, but which I was quite unable to reconcile with the theories I had formed as to their high standing—I was little more than a year out of college at the time. Generally, as has been always the case since, they were careful to avoid any direct conversation with me on a concrete case of what we now call "privilege" in business and in politics, that is, of the alliance between business and politics which represents improper favors rendered to some men in return for improper conduct on the part of others being ignored or permitted.

THE INNER CIRCLE

One member of a prominent law firm, an old family friend, did, however, take me out to lunch one day, evidently for the purpose of seeing just what it was that I wished and intended to do. I believe he had a genuine personal liking for me. He explained that I had done well in the Legislature, that it was a good thing to have made the "reform play," that I had shown that I possessed ability such as would make me useful in the right kind of law office or business concern; but that I must not overplay my hand; that I had gone far enough, and that now was the time to leave politics and identify myself with the right kind of people, the people who would always in the long run control others and obtain the real rewards which were worth having. I asked him if that meant that I was to yield to the ring in politics. He answered somewhat impatiently that I was entirely mistaken (as in fact I was) about there being merely a political ring, of the kind of which the papers were fond of talking; that the "ring," if it could be called such—that is, the inner circle—included certain big business men, and the politicians, lawyers, and judges who were in alliance with and to a certain extent dependent upon them, and that the successful man had to win his success by the backing of the same forces, whether in law, business, or politics.

This conversation not only interested me, but made such an impression that I always remembered it, for it was the first glimpse I had of that combination between business and politics which I was in after years so often to oppose. In the America of that day, and especially among the people whom I knew, the successful business man was regarded by everybody as pre-eminently *the* good citizen. The orthodox books on political economy, not only in America but in England, were written for his especial glorification. The tangible rewards came to him, the admiration of his fellow-citizens of the respectable type was apt to be his, and the severe newspaper moralists who were never tired of denouncing politicians and political methods were wont to hold up "business methods" as the ideal which we were to strive to introduce into political life. Herbert Croly, in "The Promise of American Life," has set forth the reasons why our individualistic democracy—which taught that each man was to rely exclusively on himself, was in no way to be interfered with by others, and was to devote himself to his own personal welfare—necessarily produced the type of business man who sincerely believed, as did the rest of the community, that the individual who amassed a big fortune was the man who was the best and most typical American.

HONEST GOVERNMENT

In the Legislature the problems with which I dealt were mainly problems of honesty and

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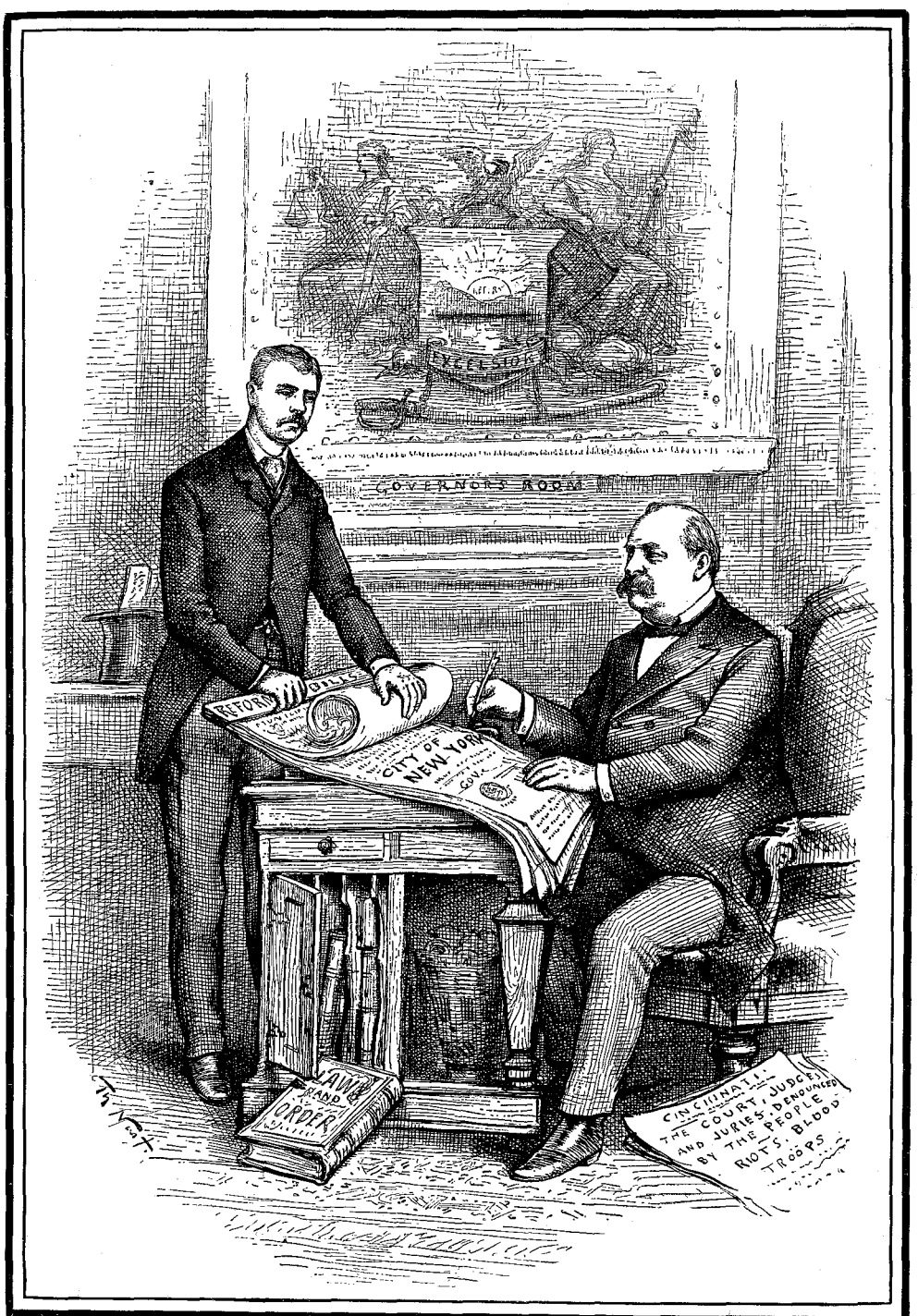

BY COURTESY OF HARPER AND BROTHERS

"REFORM WITHOUT BLOODSHED"

A cartoon by Thomas Nast, in "Harper's Weekly" of April 19, 1884, entitled "Governor Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt at their good work"

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decency and of legislative and administrative efficiency. They represented the effort, the wise, the vitally necessary effort, to get efficient and honest government. But as yet I understood little of the effort which was already beginning, for the most part under very bad leadership, to secure a more genuine social and industrial justice. Nor was I especially to blame for this. The good citizens I then knew best, even when themselves men of limited means—men like my colleague Billy O'Neill, and my backwoods friends Sewall and Dow—were no more awake than I was to the changing needs the changing times were bringing. Their outlook was as narrow as my own, and, within its limits, as fundamentally sound.

I wish to dwell on the soundness of our outlook on life, even though as yet it was not broad enough. We were no respecters of persons. Where our vision was developed to a degree that enabled us to see crookedness, we opposed it whether in great or small. As a matter of fact, we found that it needed much more courage to stand up *openly* against labor men when they were wrong than against capitalists when they were wrong. The sins against labor are usually committed, and the improper services to capitalists are usually rendered, behind closed doors. Very often the man with the moral courage to speak in the open against labor when it is wrong is the only man anxious to do effective work for labor when labor is right.

SHAM REFORM

The only kinds of courage and honesty which are permanently useful to good institutions anywhere are those shown by men who decide all cases with impartial justice on grounds of conduct and not on grounds of class. We found that in the long run the men who in public blatantly insisted that labor was never wrong were the very men who in private could not be trusted to stand for labor when it was right. We grew heartily to distrust the reformer who never denounced wickedness unless it was embodied in a rich man. Human nature does not change; and that type of "reformer" is as noxious now as he ever was. The loud-mouthed upholder of popular rights who attacks wickedness only when it is allied with wealth, and who never publicly assails any misdeed, no matter how flagrant, if committed nominally in the interest of labor, has either a warped mind or a tainted soul, and should be trusted by no honest man. It was largely the indignant and contemptuous dislike aroused in our minds by the demagogues of this class which then prevented those of us whose instincts at bottom were sound from going as far as we ought to have gone along the lines of governmental control of corporations and governmental interference on behalf of labor.

PRACTICAL REFORM

I did, however, have one exceedingly useful experience. A bill was introduced by the Cigar-Makers' Union to prohibit the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses. I was appointed one of a committee of three to investigate conditions in the tenement-houses and see if legislation should be had. Of my two colleagues on the committee, one took no interest in the measure and privately said he did not think it was right, but that he had to vote for it because the labor unions were strong in his district and he was pledged to support the bill. The other, a sporting Tammany man who afterwards abandoned politics for the race-track, was a very good fellow. He told me frankly that he had to be against the bill because certain interests which were all-powerful and with which he had dealings required him to be against it, but that I was a free agent, and that if I would look into the matter he believed I would favor the legislation. As a matter of fact, I had supposed I would be against the legislation, and I rather think I was put on the committee with that idea, for the respectable people I knew were against it; it was contrary to the principles of political economy of the *laissez faire* kind; and the business men who spoke to me about it shook their heads and said that it was designed to prevent a man doing as he wished and as he had a right to do with what was his own.

However, my first visits to the tenement-house districts in question made me feel that, whatever the theories might be, as a matter of practical common sense I could not conscientiously vote for the continuance of the conditions which I saw. These conditions rendered it impossible for the families of the tenement-house workers to live so that the children might grow up fitted for the exacting duties of American citizenship. I visited the tenement-houses once with my colleagues of the committee, once with some of the labor union representatives, and once or twice by myself. In a few of the tenement-houses there were suites of rooms ample

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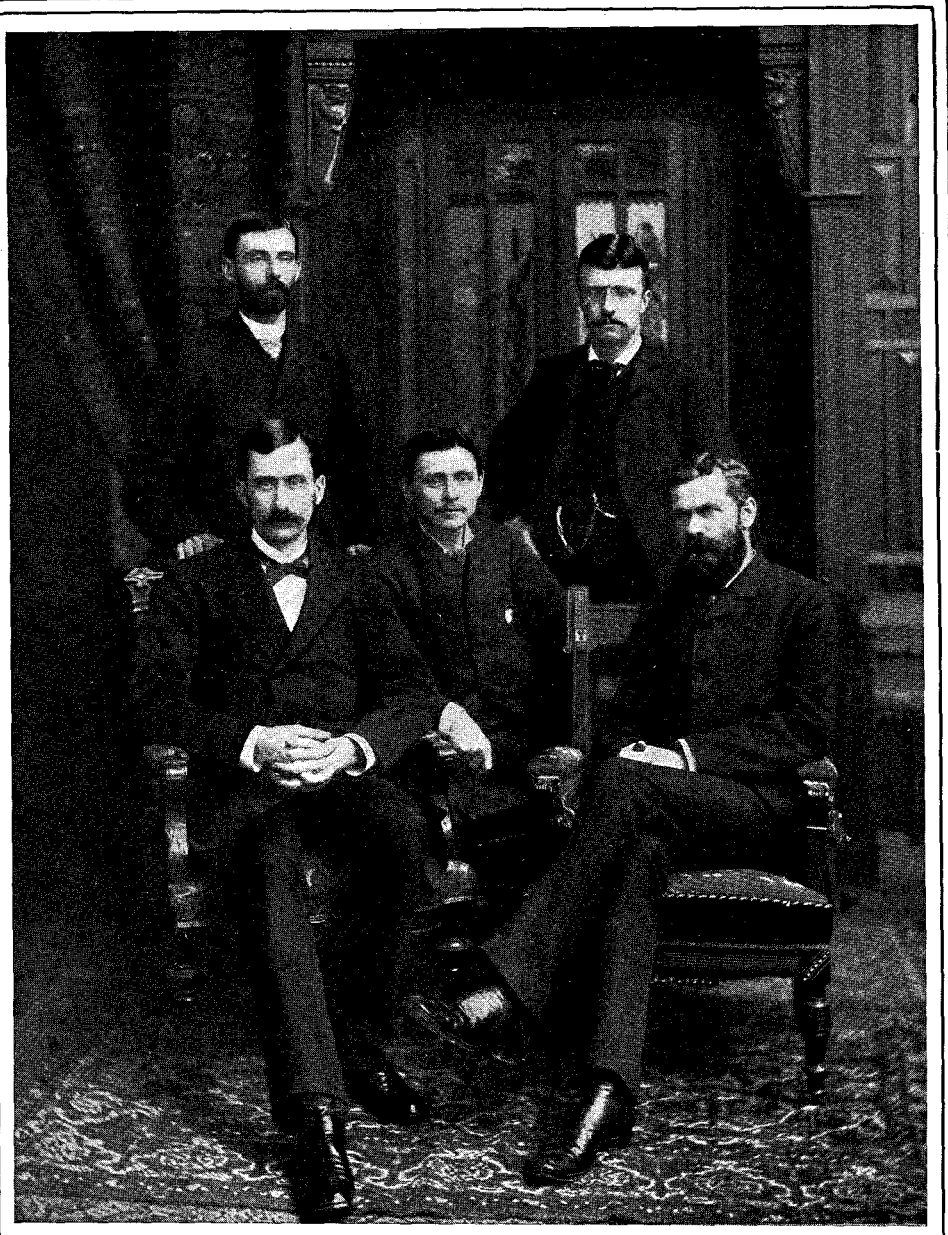

WILLIAM O'NEILL THEODORE ROOSEVELT
MR. SPINNEY OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES"
ISAAC HUNT WALTER HOWE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND A GROUP OF HIS FRIENDS, WHEN HE WAS A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE

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in number where the work on the tobacco was done in rooms not occupied for cooking or sleeping or living. In the overwhelming majority of cases, however, there were one, two, or three room apartments, and the work of manufacturing the tobacco by men, women, and children went on day and night in the eating, living, and sleeping rooms—sometimes in one room. I have always remembered one room in which two families were living. On my inquiry as to who the third adult male was I was told that he was a boarder with one of the families. There were several children, three men, and two women in this room. The tobacco was stowed about everywhere, alongside the foul bedding, and in a corner where there were scraps of food. The men, women, and children in this room worked by day and far on into the evening, and they slept and ate there. They were Bohemians, unable to speak English, except that one of the children knew enough to act as interpreter.

LEGALISM AND LIFE

Instead of opposing the bill I ardently championed it. It was a poorly drawn measure, and the Governor, Grover Cleveland, was at first doubtful about signing it. The Cigar-Makers' Union then asked me to appear before the Governor and argue for it. I accordingly did so, acting as spokesman for the battered, undersized foreigners who represented the Union and the workers. The Governor signed the bill. Afterwards this tenement-house cigar legislation was declared invalid by the Court of Appeals in the Jacobs decision. Jacobs was one of the rare tenement-house manufacturers of cigars who occupied quite a suite of rooms, so that in his case the living conditions were altogether exceptional. What the reason was which influenced those bringing the suit to select the exceptional instead of the average worker I do not know; of course such action was precisely the action which those most interested in having the law broken down were anxious to see taken. The Court of Appeals declared the law unconstitutional, and in their decision the judges reprobated the law as an assault upon the "hallowed" influences of "home." It was this case which first waked me to a dim and partial understanding of the fact that the courts were not necessarily the best judges of what should be done to better social and industrial conditions. The judges who rendered this decision were well-meaning men. They knew nothing whatever of tenement-house conditions; they knew nothing whatever of the needs, or of the life and labor, of three-fourths of their fellow-citizens in great cities. They knew legalism, but not life. Their choice of the words "hallowed" and "home," as applicable to the revolting conditions attending the manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses, showed that they had no idea what it was that they were deciding. Imagine the "hallowed" associations of a "home" consisting of one room where two families, one of them with a boarder, live, eat, and work! This decision completely blocked tenement-house reform legislation in New York for a score of years, and hampers it to this day. It was one of the most serious setbacks which the cause of industrial and social progress and reform ever received.

I had been brought up to hold the courts in especial reverence. The people with whom I was most intimate were apt to praise the courts for just such decisions as this, and to speak of them as bulwarks against disorder and barriers against demagogic legislation. These were the same people with whom the judges who rendered these decisions were apt to foregather at social clubs, or dinners, or in private life. Very naturally they all tended to look at things from the same standpoint. Of course it took more than one experience such as this Tenement Cigar Case to shake me out of the attitude in which I was brought up. But various decisions, not only of the New York court but of certain other State courts and even of the United States Supreme Court, during the quarter of a century following the passage of this tenement-house legislation, did at last thoroughly wake me to the actual fact. I grew to realize that all that Abraham Lincoln had said about the Dred Scott decision could be said with equal truth and justice about the numerous decisions which in our own day were erected as bars across the path of social reform, and which brought to naught so much of the effort to secure justice and fair dealing for workingmen and workingwomen, and for plain citizens generally.

INVESTIGATING NEW YORK CITY

Some of the wickedness and inefficiency in public life was then displayed in simpler fashion than would probably now be the case. Once or twice I was a member of committees which looked into gross and widely ramifying

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governmental abuses. On the whole, the most important part I played was in the third Legislature in which I served, when I acted as chairman of a committee which investigated various phases of New York City official life.

The most important of the reform measures our committee recommended was the bill taking away from the Aldermen their power of confirmation over the Mayor's appointments. We found that it was possible to get citizens interested in the character and capacity of the head of the city, so that they would exercise some intelligent interest in his conduct and qualifications. But we found that as a matter of fact it was impossible to get them interested in the Aldermen and other subordinate officers. In actual practice the Aldermen were merely the creatures of the local ward bosses or of the big municipal bosses, and where they controlled the appointments the citizens at large had no chance whatever to make their will felt. Accordingly we fought for the principle, which I believe to be of universal application, that what is needed in our popular government is to give plenty of power to a few officials, and to make these few officials genuinely and readily responsible to the people for the exercise of that power. Taking away the confirming power of the Board of Aldermen did not give the citizens of New York good government. We knew that if they chose to elect the wrong kind of Mayor they would have bad government, no matter what the form of the law was. But we did secure to them the chance to get good government if they desired, and this was impossible as long as the old system remained. The change was fought in the way in which all similar changes always are fought. The corrupt and interested politicians were against it, and the battle-cries they used, which rallied to them most of the unthinking conservatives, were that we were changing the old constitutional system, that we were defacing the monuments of the wisdom of the founders of the government, that we were destroying that distinction between legislative and executive power which was the bulwark of our liberties, and that we were violent and unscrupulous radicals with no reverence for the past.

Of course the investigations, disclosures, and proceedings of the investigating committee of which I was chairman brought me into bitter personal conflict with very powerful financiers, very powerful politicians, and with certain newspapers which these financiers and politicians controlled. A number of able and unscrupulous men were fighting, some for their financial lives, and others to keep out of unpleasantly close neighborhood to State's prison. This meant that there were blows to be taken as well as given. In such political struggles, those who went in for the kind of thing that I did speedily excited animosities among strong and cunning men who would stop at little to gratify their animosity. Any man engaged in this particular type of militant and practical reform movement was soon made to feel that he had better not undertake to push matters home unless his own character was unassailable. On one of the investigating committees on which I served there was a countryman, a very able man, who, when he reached New York City, felt as certain Americans do when they go to Paris—that the moral restraints of his native place no longer applied. With all his ability, he was not shrewd enough to realize that the Police Department was having him as well as the rest of us carefully shadowed. He was caught red-handed by a plain-clothes man doing what he had no business to do; and from that time on he dared not act save as those who held his secret permitted him to act. Thenceforth those officials who stood behind the Police Department had one man on the committee on whom they could count. I never saw terror more ghastly on a strong man's face than on the face of this man on one or two occasions when he feared that events in the committee might take such a course as to force him into a position where his colleagues would expose him even if the city officials did not. However, he escaped, for we were never able to get the kind of proof which would warrant our asking for the action in which this man could not have joined.

THE CRIME OF HITTING SOFTLY

Traps were set for more than one of us, and if we had walked into these traps our public careers would have ended, at least so far as following them under the conditions which alone make it worth while to be in public life at all. A man can of course hold public office, and many a man does hold public office, and lead a public career of a sort, even if there are other men who possess secrets about him which he cannot afford to have divulged. But no man can lead a pub-

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lic career really worth leading, no man can act with rugged independence in serious crises, nor strike at great abuses, nor afford to make powerful and unscrupulous foes, if he is himself vulnerable in his private character. Nor will clean conduct by itself enable a man to render good service. I have always been fond of Josh Billings's remark that "it is much easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent." There are plenty of decent legislators, and plenty of able legislators; but the blamelessness and the fighting edge are not always combined. Both qualities are necessary for the man who is to wage active battle against the powers that prey. He must be clean of life, so that he can laugh when his public or his private record is searched; and yet being clean of life will not avail him if he is either foolish or timid. He must walk warily and fearlessly, and while he should never brawl if he can avoid it, he must be ready to hit hard if the need arises. Let him remember, by the way, that the unforgivable crime is soft hitting. Do not hit at all if it can be avoided; but *never* hit softly.

A PLAN OF SERVICE

Like most young men in politics, I went through various oscillations of feeling before I "found myself." At one period I became so impressed with the virtue of complete independence that I proceeded to act on each case purely as I personally viewed it, without paying any heed to the principles and prejudices of others. The result was that I speedily, and deservedly, lost all power of accomplishing anything at all; and I thereby learned the invaluable lesson that in the practical activities of life no man can render the highest service unless he can act in combination with his fellows, which means a certain amount of give-and-take between him and them. Again, I at one period began to believe that I had a future before me, and that it behooved me to be very far-sighted and scan each action carefully with a view to its possible effect on that future. This speedily made me useless to the public and an object of aversion to myself; and I then made up my mind that I would try not to think of the future at all, but would proceed on the assumption that each office I held would be the last I ever should hold, and that I would confine myself to trying to do my work as well as possible while I held that office. I found that for me personally this was the only way in which I could either enjoy myself or render good service to the country, and I never afterwards deviated from this plan.

GETTING RESULTS

As regards political advancement the bosses could of course do a good deal. At that time the warring Stalwart and Half-Breed factions of the Republican party were supporting respectively President Arthur and Senator Miller. Neither side cared for me. The first year in the Legislature I rose to a position of leadership, so that in the second year, when the Republicans were in a minority, I received the minority nomination for Speaker, although I was still the youngest man in the House, being twenty-four years old. The third year the Republicans carried the Legislature, and the bosses at once took a hand in the Speakership contest. I made a stout fight for the nomination, but the bosses of the two factions, the Stalwarts and the Half-Breeds, combined and I was beaten. I was much chagrined for the moment. But the fact that I had fought hard and efficiently, even though defeated, and that I had made the fight single-handed, with no machine back of me, assured my standing as floor leader. My defeat in the end materially strengthened my position, and enabled me to accomplish far more than I could have accomplished as Speaker. As so often, I found that the titular position was of no consequence; what counted was the combination of the opportunity with the ability to accomplish results. The achievement was the all-important thing; the position, whether titularly high or low, was of consequence only in so far as it widened the chance for achievement. After the session closed four of us who looked at politics from the same standpoint and were known as Independent or Anti-Machine Republicans were sent by the State Convention as delegates-at-large to the Republican National Convention of 1884, where I advocated, as vigorously as I knew how, the nomination of Senator George F. Edmunds. Mr. Edmunds was defeated and Mr. Blaine nominated. Mr. Blaine was clearly the choice of the rank and file of the party; his nomination was won in fair and aboveboard fashion, because the rank and file of the party stood back of him; and I supported him to the best of my ability in the ensuing campaign.

PARLOR REFORMERS

The Speakership contest enlightened me as regards more things than the attitude of the

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bosses. I had already had some exasperating experiences with the "silk stocking" reformer type, as Abraham Lincoln called it, the gentlemen who were very nice, very refined, who shook their heads over political corruption and discussed it in drawing-rooms and parlors, but who were wholly unable to grapple with real men in real life. These parlor reformers made up for inefficiency in action by zeal in criticising; and they delighted in criticising the men who really were doing the things which they said ought to be done, but which they lacked the sinewy power to do. They often upheld ideals which were not merely impossible but highly undesirable, and thereby played into the hands of the very politicians to whom they professed to be most hostile. Moreover, if they believed that their own interests, individually or as a class, were jeoparded, they were apt to show no higher standards than did the men they usually denounced.

One of their shibboleths was that the office should seek the man and not the man the office. This is entirely true of certain offices at certain times. It is entirely untrue when the circumstances are different. It would have been unnecessary and undesirable for Washington to have sought the Presidency. But if Abraham Lincoln had not sought the Presidency he never would have been nominated. The objection in such a case as this lies not to seeking the office, but to seeking it in any but an honorable and proper manner. The effect of the shibboleth in question is usually merely to put a premium on hypocrisy, and therefore to favor the creature who is willing to rise by hypocrisy. When I ran for Speaker, the whole body of machine politicians was against me, and my only chance lay in arousing the people in the different districts. To do this I had to visit the districts, put the case fairly before the men whom I saw, and make them understand that I was really making a fight and would stay in the fight to the end. Yet there were reformers who shook their heads and deplored my "activity" in the canvass. Of course the one thing which corrupt machine politicians most desire is to have decent men frown on the activity, that is, on the efficiency, of the honest man who genuinely wishes to reform politics.

If efficiency is left solely to bad men, and if virtue is confined solely to inefficient men, the result cannot be happy. When I entered politics there were, as there always had been —and as there always will be—any number of bad men in politics who were thoroughly efficient, and any number of good men who would like to have done lofty things in politics but who were thoroughly inefficient. If I wished to accomplish anything for the country, my business was to combine decency and efficiency; to be a thoroughly practical man of high ideals who did his best to reduce those ideals to actual practice. This was my ideal, and to the best of my ability I strove to live up to it.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF POLITICS

To a young man, life in the New York Legislature was always interesting and often entertaining. There was always a struggle of some kind on hand. Sometimes it was on a naked question of right and wrong. Sometimes it was on a question of real constructive statesmanship. Moreover, there were all kinds of humorous incidents, the humor being usually of the unconscious kind. In one session of the Legislature the New York City Democratic representatives were split into two camps, and there were two rivals for leadership. One of these was a thoroughly good-hearted, happy-go-lucky person who was afterwards for several years in Congress. He had been a local magistrate and was called Judge. Generally he and I were friendly, but occasionally I did something that irritated him. He was always willing to vote for any other member's bill himself, and he regarded it as narrow-minded for any one to oppose one of his bills, especially if the opposition was upon the ground that it was unconstitutional—for his views of the Constitution were so excessively liberal as to make even me feel as if I belonged to the straitest sect of strict constructionists. On one occasion he had a bill to appropriate money, with obvious impropriety, for the relief of some miscreant whom he styled "one of the honest yeomanry of the State." When I explained to him that it was clearly unconstitutional, he answered, "Me friend, the Constitution don't touch little things like that," and then added, with an ingratiating smile, "Anyhow, I'd never allow the Constitution to come between friends." At the time I was looking over the proofs of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and I told him the incident. He put it into the first edition of the "Commonwealth;" whether it is in the last edition or not I cannot say.

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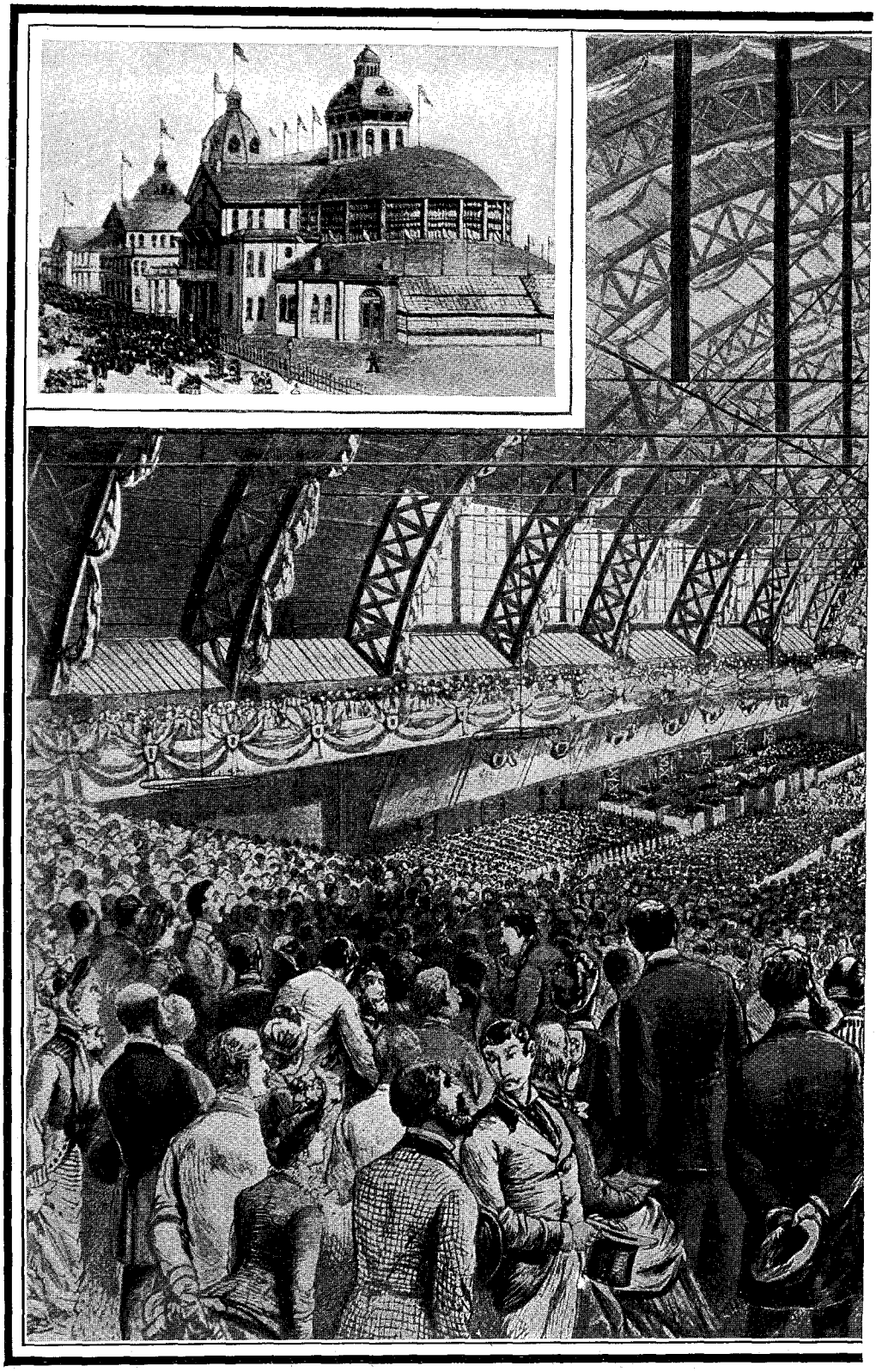

A DRAWING FROM "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" OF JUNE 7, 1884

"THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1884 IN CHICAGO, WHERE I ADVOCATED AS

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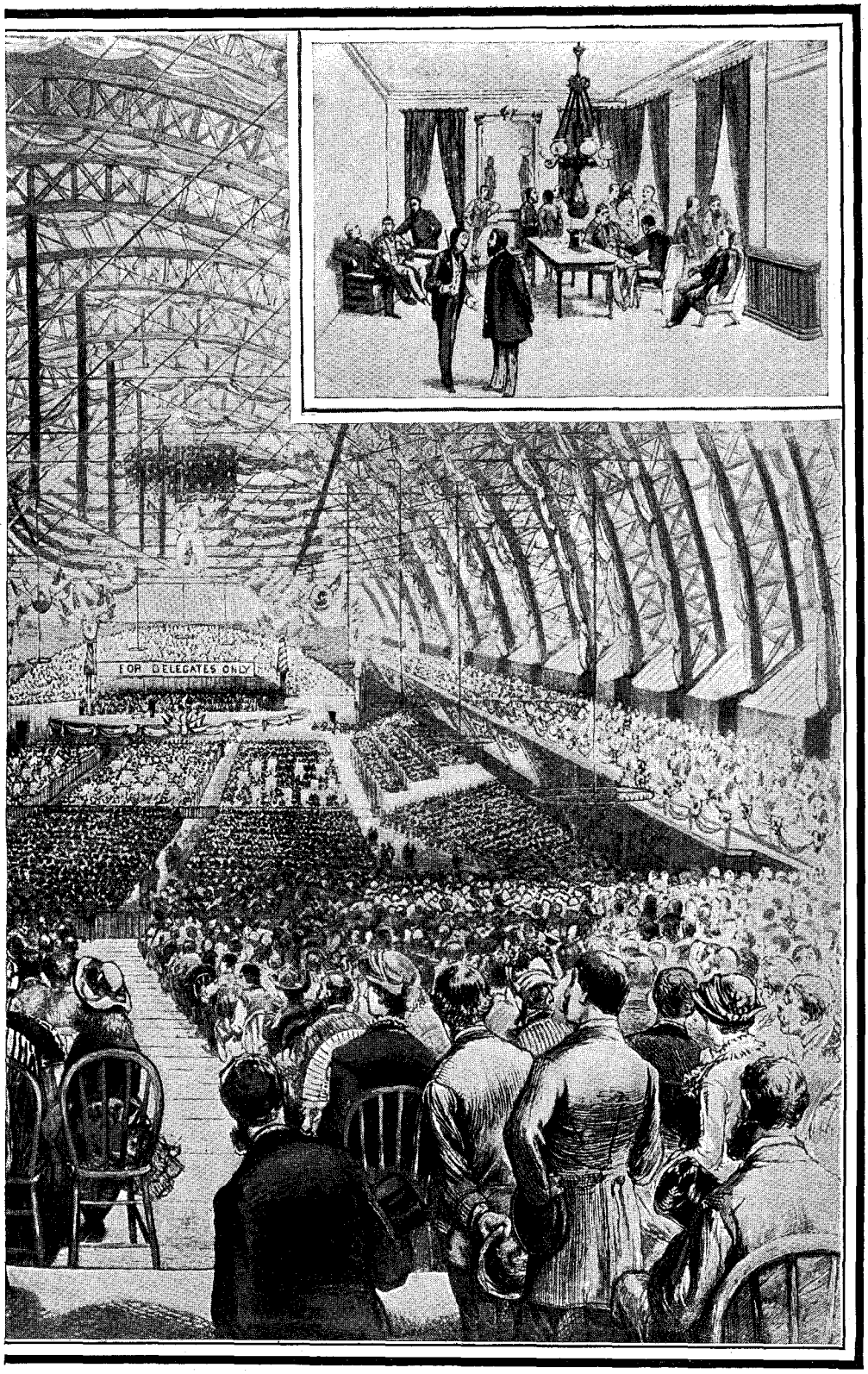

VIGOROUSLY AS I KNEW HOW THE NOMINATION OF SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS"

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On another occasion the same gentleman came to an issue with me in a debate, and wound up his speech by explaining that I occupied what "lawyers would call a quasi position on the bill." His rival was a man of totally different type, a man of great natural dignity, also born in Ireland. He had served with gallantry in the Civil War. After the close of the war he organized an expedition to conquer Canada. The expedition, however, got so drunk before reaching Albany that it was there incarcerated in jail, whereupon its leader abandoned it and went into New York politics instead. He was a man of influence, and later occupied in the Police Department the same position as Commissioner which I myself at one time occupied. He felt that his rival had gained too much glory at my expense, and, walking over with ceremonious solemnity to where the said rival was sitting close beside me, he said to him: "I would like you to know, Mr. Cameron [Cameron, of course, was not the real name], that Mr. Roosevelt knows more law in a wake than you do in a month; and, more than that, Michael Cameron, what do you mane by quoting Latin on the floor of this House when you don't know the alpha and omayga of the language?"

There was in the Legislature, during the deadlock above mentioned, a man whom I will call Brogan. He looked like a serious elderly frog. I never heard him speak more than once. It was before the Legislature was organized, or had adopted any rules; and each day the only business was for the clerk to call the roll. One day Brogan suddenly rose, and the following dialogue occurred:

Brogan. Misther Clu-r-r-k!

The Clerk. The gentleman from New York.

Brogan. I rise to a point of ordher under the rules!

The Clerk. There are no rules.

Brogan. Thin I object to them!

The Clerk. There are no rules to object to.

Brogan. Oh! [nonplused; but immediately recovering himself]. Thin I move that they be amended until there ar-r-re!

The deadlock was tedious; and we hailed with joy such enlivening incidents as the above.

THE PRIME REQUISITES

During my three years' service in the Legislature I worked on a very simple philosophy of government. It was that personal character and initiative are the prime requisites in political and social life. It was not only a good but an absolutely indispensable theory as far as it went; but it was defective in that it did not sufficiently allow for the need of collective action. I shall never forget the men with whom I worked hand in hand in these legislative struggles, not only my fellow-legislators, but some of the newspaper reporters, such as Spinney and Cunningham; and then in addition the men in the various districts who helped us. We had made up our minds that we must not fight fire with fire, that on the contrary the way to win out was to equal our foes in practical efficiency and yet to stand at the opposite plane from them in applied morality.

It was not always easy to keep the just middle, especially when it happened that on one side there were corrupt and unscrupulous demagogues, and on the other side corrupt and unscrupulous reactionaries. Our effort was to hold the scales even between both. We tried to stand with the cause of righteousness even though its advocates were anything but righteous. We endeavored to cut out the abuses of property, even though good men of property were misled into upholding those abuses. We refused to be frightened into sanctioning improper assaults upon property, although we knew that the champions of property themselves did things that were wicked and corrupt. We were as yet by no means as thoroughly awake as we ought to have been to the need of controlling big business and to the damage done by the combination of politics with big business. In this matter I was not behind the rest of my friends; indeed, I was ahead of them, for no serious leader in political life then appreciated the prime need of grappling with these questions. One partial reason—not an excuse or a justification, but a partial reason—for my slowness in grasping the importance of action in these matters was the corrupt and unattractive nature of so many of the men who championed popular reforms, their insincerity, and the folly of so many of the actions which they advocated. Even at that date I had neither sympathy with nor admiration for the man who was merely a money king, and I did not regard the "money touch," when divorced from other qualities, as entitling a man to either respect or consideration. As recited above, we did on more than one occasion fight battles, in which we

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neither took nor gave quarter, against the most prominent and powerful financiers and financial interests of the day. But most of the fights in which we were engaged were for pure honesty and decency, and they were more apt to be against that form of corruption which found its expression in demagogy than against that form of corruption which defended or advocated privilege.

DOING THE THING THAT IS NEXT

To play the demagogue for purposes of self-interest is a cardinal sin against the people in a democracy, exactly as to play the courtier for such purposes is a cardinal sin against the people under other forms of government. A man who stays long in our American political life, if he has in his soul the generous desire to do effective service for great causes, inevitably grows to regard himself merely as one of many instruments, all of which it may be necessary to use, one at one time, one at another, in achieving the triumph of those causes; and whenever the usefulness of any one has been exhausted it is to be thrown aside. If such a man is wise, he will gladly do the thing that is next, when the time and the need come together, without asking what the future holds for him. Let the half-god play his part well and manfully, and then be content to draw aside when the god appears. Nor should he feel vain regrets that to another it is given to render greater services and reap a greater reward. Let it be enough for him that he too has served, and that by doing well he has prepared the way for the other man who can do better.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "In Cowboy Land." It will appear in The Outlook of May 24

A VAGRANT'S CREED

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

To but accept the bitter with the sweet,
And learn to drain life's proffered cup complete:

To swing in place the chafing-buckled load,
And, hopeful-hearted, face the open road:

To greet with friendly hail each passing face,
To find the green-girt world a gladsome place:

To know the rose-fringed road must wander too
Through some dim paths, close-set with tear-wet rue:

To prize the worth of one true-hearted friend
Who shares the foot-path to the journey's end:

To learn the price of joy more oft is told
In light-heart pennies than in careworn gold:

To know the heart of love, that bravely smiles
On bleeding feet and long untrodden miles:

To see within the dusk of each new night
The camp-fire of contentment blazing bright:

Heart-glad to say before your eyelids fall,
"Good den, fair days! I'd welcome for you all!"

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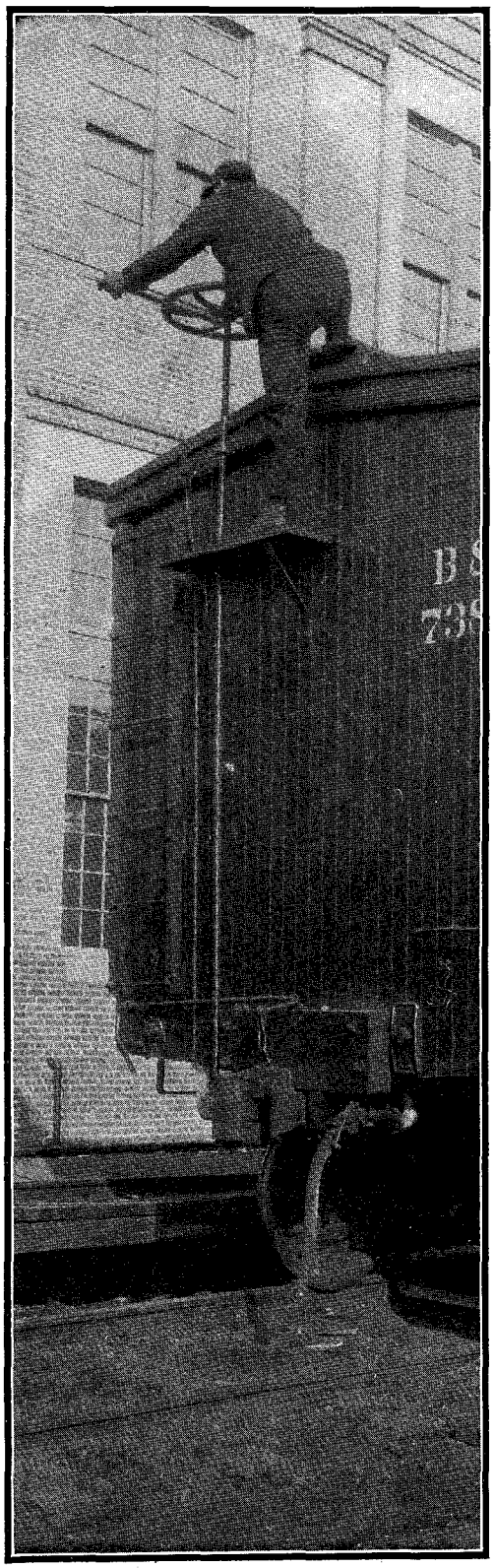

STOPPING THE CAR

If this switchman's "brake-club" breaks, he may fall beneath the moving car. One safety committee has seen to it that all the "brake-clubs" on its division are strong enough to stand rigid tests

SAFETY FIRST

BY JOHN ANSON FORD

"THE railroads, the caravans of the twentieth century, are taxing every energy and straining every nerve to meet these rigid and ever-increasing demands. That they have succeeded no one questions. But success has its price, and a part of this price has been the scrap-iron and kindling-wood of costly equipment, the hopeless cripples of strong, promising manhood, and graves without number. We meet the demands, but we break, maim, kill, and pay. It is a record of children's tears and broken hearts. It is a record of disappointment and distress, pain and poverty; a record written in the ink of human blood; and that record, gentlemen, is in our handwriting. We cannot evade it, we cannot deny it, and the pity, the shame, is that every year for twenty years we have been writing a larger and a bloodier record. . . . Don't you think it high time for every one of you to bring this subject directly and personally home and consider it in its relation to your own safety and the welfare of those dependent on you?"

Thus George Bradshaw, a former claim agent, in a recent speech to New York Central employees, interpreted the spirit of the Safety First Movement—an organized crusade against railway accidents which in two years has proved so successful that it has spread over forty-six railways of America. The safety-first idea is now in operation on 152,000 miles of track, more than three-fifths of the entire mileage in the United States. A few months ago the Vice-President of the Imperial Railway of Japan wrote to the first "preacher" of this crusade, R. C. Richards, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, to learn the details of the movement, and has inaugurated it in the Sunrise Kingdom.

This is not primarily a campaign of stockholders, presidents, or superintendents, but of engineers, firemen, conductors, switchmen, and section men, joining hands against a common peril—injury and death that come suddenly, as a thief in the night. This unique effort for the conservation of human life, which has as its chief feature the personal

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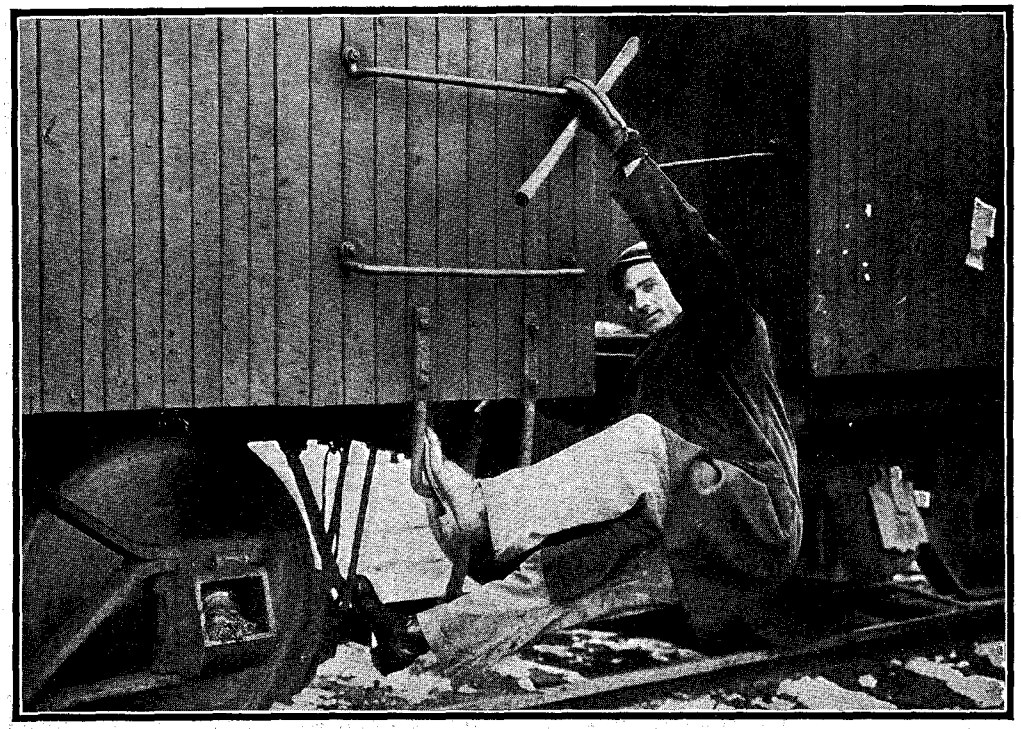

A DANGEROUS WAY TO RIDE A FREIGHT CAR. A JOLT MAY COST A LIMB OR LIFE ITSELF

co-operation of all railway employees, was first put into operation on the Northwestern road in January, 1911. No other change in the entire history of that company has produced such an immediate and striking reduction of accidents. During the first sixteen months of the plan's operation (a period in which the amount of business changed but little compared with the previous sixteen months) there were 107 fewer persons killed and 3,996 fewer injuries. Practical railway men have expressed the belief that if this movement continues to spread and is undertaken in the same humanitarian spirit which has characterized its beginnings, the Inter-State Commerce Commission accident reports of a few years hence will show a reduction of fifty or sixty per cent. Said H. W. Belknap, chief inspector of safety appliances for the Inter-State Commerce Commission, speaking of the safety movement before a recent meeting of railway men :

"The benefits of such organizations cannot be measured. If your organization is true to its purpose, it means greater efficiency in every department of service, greater security of lives and limbs of employees, better and safer service to the public, and, last but not least in this commercial age, it means the saving of money to the company for which you work."

The movement was the outgrowth of more than thirty years' study of the accident problem. A special point which Mr. Richards, the founder of the movement on railways, clearly recognized was that, terrible as are collisions and derailments, they contribute but a minor portion to the awful totals of recent years. Paradoxical as it may seem, the big cause of injuries is the so-called little accidents. Great railway catastrophes have filled the popular mind with the idea that if wrecks could be prevented practically the whole accident problem would be solved. With abundant provocation, the traveling public is demanding the adoption of every reliable safety device and is asking for the additional safeguard of all-steel cars. But statistics warrant us in assuming that even if perfect automatic wreck-preventing inventions were put into operation on all railways, and if all coaches were made of steel, the next year's record would show fully nine-tenths as many persons killed and injured as before.

I. W. Coon, a well-known Eastern railway man, recently said in a public address that only 19 per cent of all employees on his road (Baltimore and Ohio) fatally injured last year

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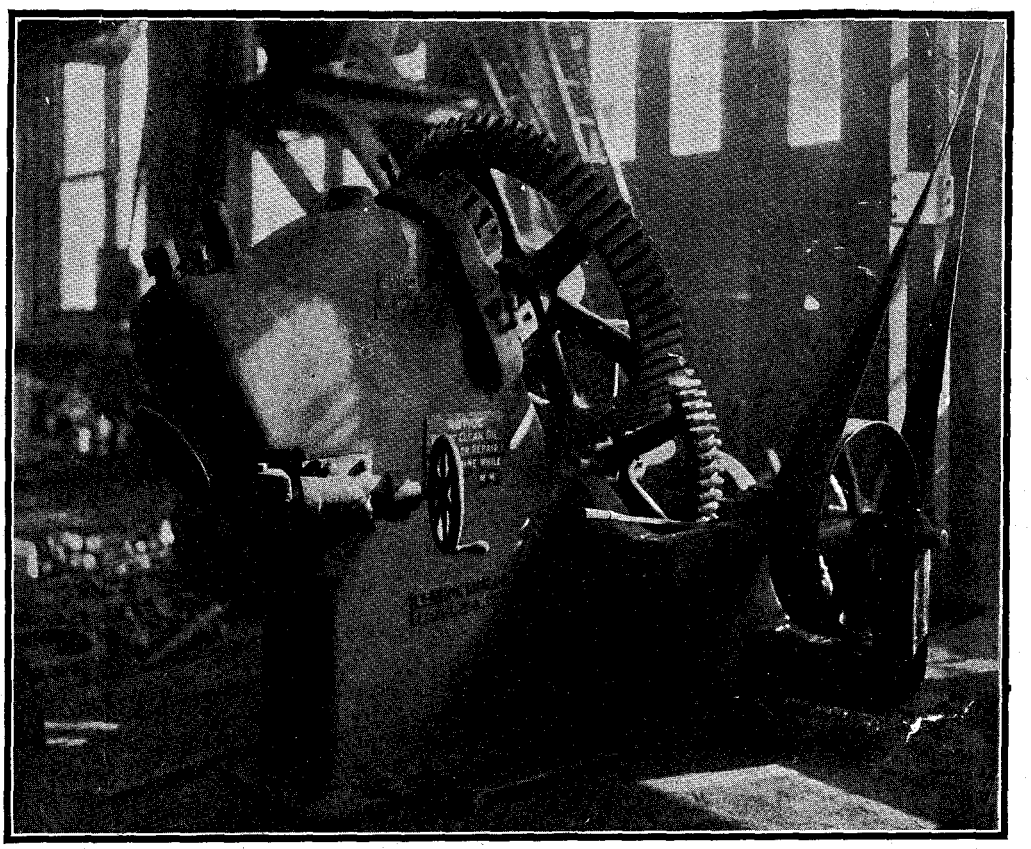

AN UNGUARDED JUGGERNAUT IN A RAILWAY SHOP

were injured in train accidents. The Inter-State Commerce Commission's last report shows that of the 10,185 persons killed and 77,175 injured in 1911–12, only 859 met death and 17,073 were injured in collisions, derailments, boiler explosions, etc., which are classed by the Commission as train accidents.

Mr. Richards concluded that the first step in reducing the number of injuries was to make the men on his road see clearly the problem as a whole. He knew that they were familiar with the causes of collisions and derailments; he determined that they should understand equally well many other aspects of the case, believing that only in this way could he secure their co-operation. He started out on a campaign of education, visiting all the men in the roundhouses, in the switch-yards, in the shops, talking to them in little groups and in great mass-meetings. Because the statistics and the men's lack of information warranted it, he laid especial emphasis on the elimination of little accidents. He cited cases like the following: A train crew, taking coal at a terminal, damaged a coal chute. A few minutes later an employee was coaling his engine at the same place, and in trying to shove the damaged chute into position lost his balance, fell from the engine, and was killed. The man who had damaged the chute, later testified that he "supposed" the coal-heaver or the foreman would know of the damage he had done. Because he supposed where he should have been sure, one woman is now a widow, with the care of several little children adding anxiety to bereavement.

A little block was lacking at the end of a trolley in a railway shop. The trolley supported a huge hoist. The workmen beneath it knew that the block was lacking, but "everybody's business was nobody's business;" one day the hoist ran off the end of the trolley and crashed to the ground, killing one man. It was a "little accident" such as swell the number of railway injuries to terrible proportions. Each month on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy from 35 to 45 employees received more or less dangerous injuries by stepping on nails. (Since the inauguration of the safety movement these accidents have been reduced to an average of 15 per month.) Last year (1911–12) over

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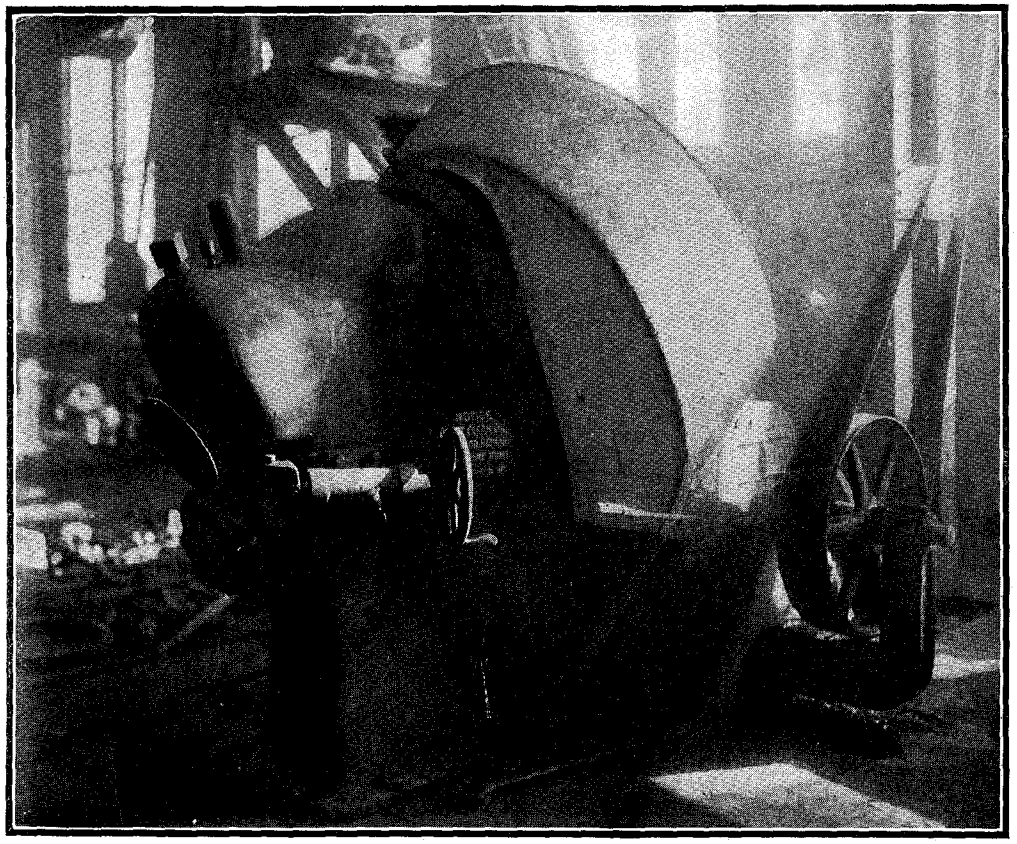

THE SAME MACHINE WITH A SAFETY GUARD

900 persons met death and over 6,600 were injured by falling from engines or cars—again, "little accidents;" over 4,000 persons were struck by trains in switch-yards and at stations, 2,038 being killed.

"I don't care who you decide is to blame," exclaimed Mr. Richards in his first campaign, "so long as you do something right now to stop this slaughter. It is just a question of remembering that it is better to cause a delay than to cause an accident, of being thoughtful of the rights of your neighbors, of being regardful of the duty you owe to others as well as to yourself."

There are fifty thousand employees on the Northwestern road, and it required many months of agitation through personal talks, illustrated literature, and discussions in the lodges to convince the men of their personal responsibility in accident prevention. Then Mr. Richards proposed to put the matter largely in their hands. His plan was heartily received. A "safety committee" was organized on each of the seventeen divisions of the road and in the principal shops. This was composed of engineers, conductors, switchmen, brakemen, yard-masters, etc., as well as certain officials. From the first the committees have met monthly to discuss candidly the defects in the road's equipment and management, to consider the merits of safety devices, and to promote better practices among employees. Papers on some phase of injury prevention, based on personal experience, are read at each meeting. Every employee, whether on a committee or not, is urged to send suggestions to these bodies. The road has furnished cards for this particular purpose. Matters of local nature are settled in the division committees. In the first year of the plan's operation over five thousand subjects were discussed and acted on. Suggestions affecting the entire line are referred to a central safety committee; of this Mr. Richards is chairman. In two years this body, with the co-operation of the management, has brought about two hundred changes affecting the entire system. The committees have not lost an opportunity to emphasize the "safety first" principle. To each monthly pay check of all employees is attached a bright-colored sticker bearing such legends

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as these: "The greatest risk a careful man runs is through the carelessness of some thoughtless or reckless employee. When you find such a man, teach him to be careful." "Boost for safety first; not safety second or safety last, but always and everywhere, safety first." "It is better to be careful than crippled." "During the last nine months injuries to trainmen have decreased forty per cent. Why cannot the switchmen do as well, instead of showing a decrease of twenty per cent?"

As the men gather in the shops, in the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the roundhouses, and in the yard offices, they find bulletins warning them of careless practices, not sent down as cold commands from high officials, but golden rule hints from "the boys" on the safety committees. Practically all of the roads now in this movement which publish magazines for their employees are devoting considerable space to safety statistics, safety suggestions, and safety photographs. Each month Mr. Richards's committee sends out to the division committees a résumé of all the current preventable accidents on the road, with suggestions as to how they might have been avoided. "Karl Judson, switchman, stepped between moving cars at Weyville, Wisconsin, to uncouple same," reads a paragraph in one of these reviews; "his foot caught, he stumbled on the guard rail, was thrown down, run over and killed." It is safe to say that many a reckless switchman, after reading that, has depended less on his agility and more on observing the safety rule: "Never step between moving cars."

The following paragraph is quoted from a bulletin of another road: "Recently an engineer had occasion to apply a new water glass. Having done so, he tested it by turning boiler pressure into it, whereupon the glass exploded. The flying pieces cut his eyes, because *he had not replaced the glass shield*. He risked the loss of his eyes to save a little exertion, which was the price of safety."

A personal interest in safety which extends beyond the bounds of one's own particular job is the finest characteristic developed in this movement. There are innumerable examples of this: At the suggestion of enginemen on a Western road, employees using gasoline "speeder" cars have been instructed to exercise greater care in rounding curves and in standing unguarded on tracks where the view is obstructed. Release-pipes, instead of being attached alongside the grab-iron of a certain type of engine, have been put elsewhere, so that, in getting in and out of these locomotives, men will not seize the unstable release-pipe by mistake, thus running the danger of falling beneath the wheels. In switching limits, approaches to bridges, stations, and switches have been widened out on a level with the track bed, so that switchmen can stand a safe distance from passing trains. A workman in one of the Clifton, Iowa, car shops showed me with pride an improvement he had made in repair apparatus which would prevent the recurrence of a recent accident—a fellow-employee had crushed his foot while at work on the machine. Steps on switch engines have been improved so as to prevent switchmen stumbling on projecting bolts and slipping beneath the wheels. Thousands of wire-mesh or sheet-iron safety guards have been installed about the exposed parts of machines in car shops. The menace of flying belts has been eliminated by placing wooden guards about them. All of these changes and thousands of others have been undertaken at the suggestion of the men who in former years were not encouraged to make suggestions affecting the matters which were supposed to be wholly in charge of the "boss."

But even more significant than the mechanical improvements is the spirit shown by the rank and file of the men. Last June a foreman inspecting his section near Chicago Junction, Ohio, found that the heat had so expanded the rail that it was about to "buckle." In the process of cutting out a section of the rail to permit it to resume its proper place it snapped, striking the foreman's leg and breaking it. The injured man knew that trains were due to pass soon, and so would not allow his men to remove him to the hospital until he had personally directed the completion of the important repair. The president of the road, on hearing of his fortitude, presented the foreman with a gold watch and chain. Out in Iowa a section man within the period of one month went out of his way in the cause of safety three times, so the records show, and prevented what might have been a serious accident in each case. Once he closed an open stock-yards chute in time to keep the animals from trespassing. A little later he journeyed a mile to warn a crew that the brakes on their baggage car were set so tightly that the wheels were sliding;

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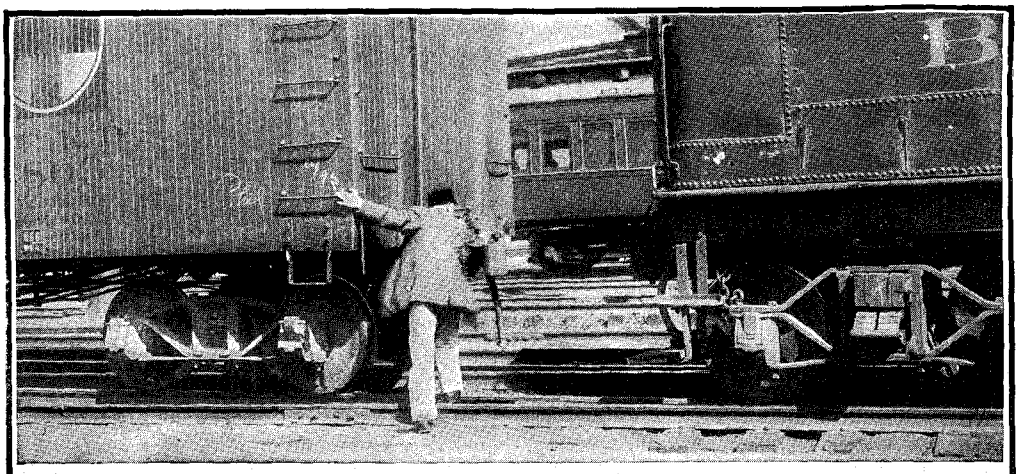
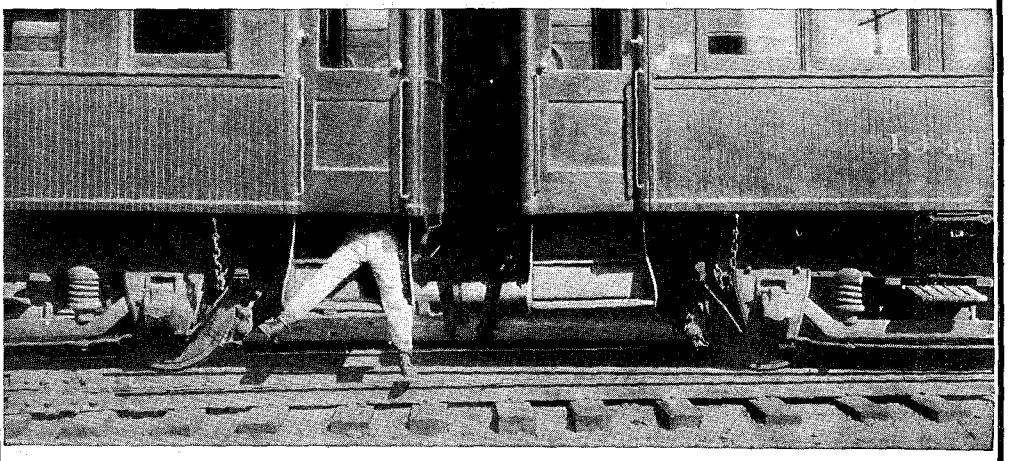


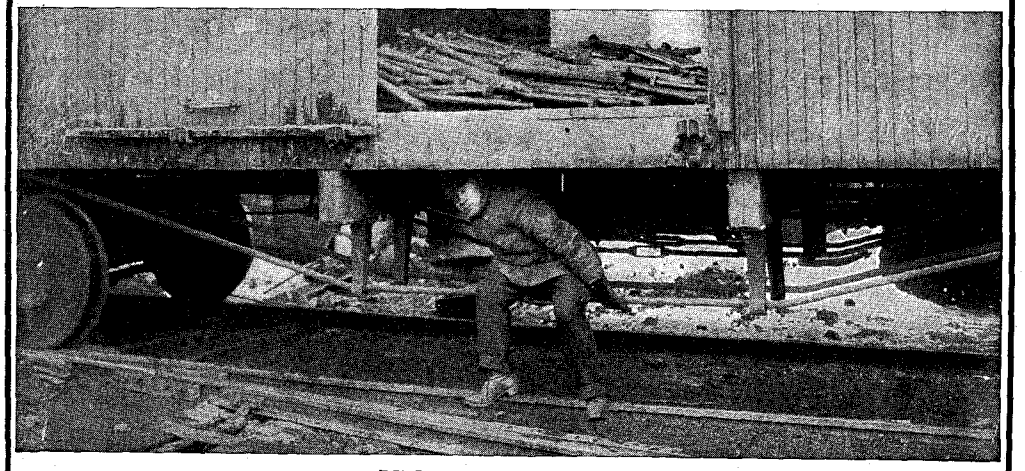
THE FOLLY OF HASTE

This man is risking a hand rather than wait for the engine to stop before opening the knuckle



NOT COMEDY BUT TRAGEDY

Showing the danger of open trap doors in vestibules of coaches. 903 persons were killed in this way and 6,657 injured last year



RIDING THE TRUSS RODS

Last year 5,343 trespassers were killed and 5,536 injured, many of them while stealing rides under box cars

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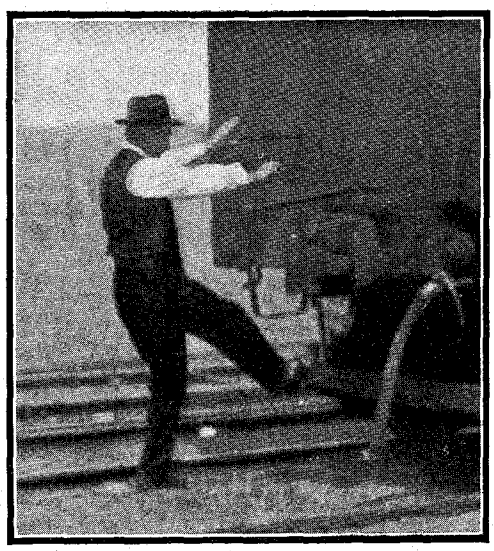
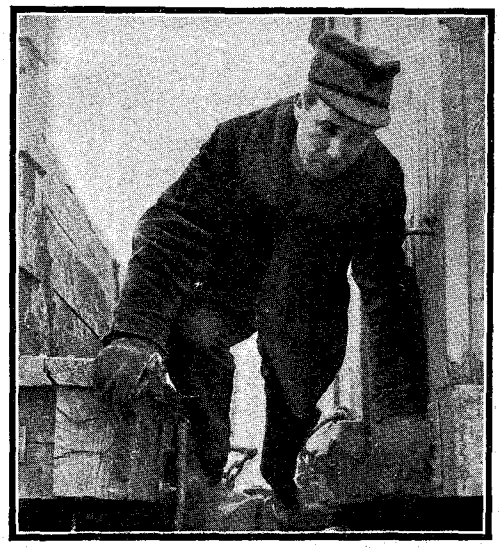


HOW NOT TO GET ON A CAR

Photographs and moving pictures are being used by safety committees to illustrate the folly of such practices



THE UNSAFE WAY TO GET ACROSS

Trainmen are learning that "the longest way around is the quickest way across"

and on another occasion he went by hand-car, a mile and a half, and gave the despatcher timely warning that the brake rigging beneath a train that had passed him was dragging. None of these things was in the province of his regular duties; he received no additional reward for doing them. But to one familiar with railroading these tell of an attitude which presents a sharp contrast to the every-man-for-himself spirit too prevalent in former years.

At the request of the safety committeemen of a Western road a deaf man, who daily endangered his life by walking on the railway track, was induced to go to work by another route. Another safety man became deeply interested in the boys of his town whose habit it was to swarm on passing freight trains to get free rides. His solution of this difficulty proved how large was his heart and how intimate his understanding of boy nature. Going to the near-by swimming hole, he cleared out all the accumulated rubbish, installed a fine spring-board and other simple apparatus, and then invited the boys to have a swim. After the greatest frolic of the whole summer he gathered them about him and gave them a serious talk on the danger of "flipping" cars. The boys promised to give up the practice, and all last summer in that Southwestern town that promise was broken but twice.

The safety movement has gained special force because its influence has been felt not only in the shop and switch-yard and on the train, but also in the home. "We are all in a broad sense our brother's keeper," wrote a "Frisco" foreman's wife, "and the man who cultivates regard for his fellow-men is more broad-minded, a more desirable citizen, a more congenial fellow-laborer, a better husband and father. Put safety first for the sake of country, loved ones, and self." "To live one's complete life—this is what safety means to me," writes a wife on the Oregon Short Line; "the maintenance of a home in exchange for a man's best energy. This is just and right and good. Safety first!"

The safety movement is developing in many thousands of men the fortitude of the Ohio boss who did his work despite a broken leg, the alertness of the Iowa section-hand, and a father's interest which extends beyond engines and cars and schedules to flesh and blood and human life. Because it is doing these things it is the most significant movement in the whole history of American railroading. Human kindness and business interest have joined hands in a common cause—the conservation of life.

The roads are recognizing the value of this "home sympathy" with the movement; without reserve many of them are now giving employees full accident statistics so that they and their families may more clearly comprehend the exigencies of the safety problem. When the Pennsylvania's safety organization was being perfected, that road urged its men to give the movement support, and called attention to the fact that in 1912, 171 employees were killed and 16,575 injured;

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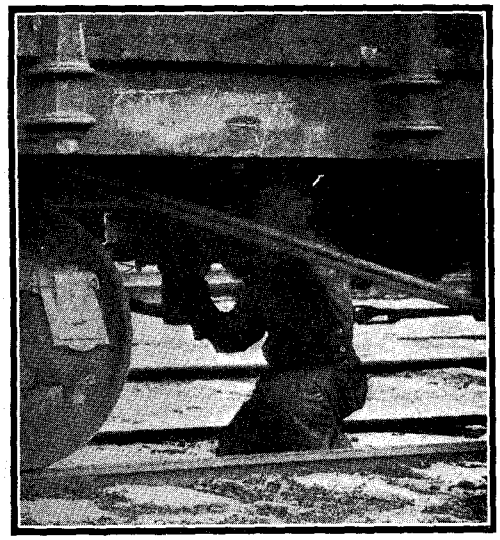

VIOLATING THE "BLUE FLAG" RULE

No repairer is supposed to begin work on a car until he has protected himself by putting up a blue flag

DISREGARDING SAFETY APPLIANCES

In the old days brakemen were proud of taking chances. Now they are proud of being careful

whereas in 1911, 134 were killed and 11,033 injured.

"We want this condition changed!" exclaimed one official as he squarely faced the appalling situation. "We owe a duty to others as well as to ourselves. In the words of the greatest man who ever came to earth, 'Do unto others as ye would that men should do to you!'" That is the spirit that is giving the movement power. Undoubtedly some safety advocates see chiefly their great saving in dollars and cents; possibly some regard it as a convenient fiction that makes easier the "management of the men;" but the dominant note in this movement is the recognition of the moral obligation in a commercial relationship. Hence that phase of our transportation problem that has become more terrible than war is at last being remedied.

Last fall, under the auspices of the fourteen roads entering Kansas City, officials to the number of five hundred, and employees, their wives and children, to the number of nine thousand, attended a great union safety-first rally. It was a notable gathering, not merely because of the number present, but because employers and employees met on terms of equality to co-operate in putting "safety first for the sake of country, loved ones, and self." The great speech of the evening was by the man in whose heart the movement had been conceived—Richards. The things he said were simple, and many of his warnings had been heard many times before. But the human sympathy in his appeal gave him power, and he backed up his plea for the safety movement with statistics which were incontrovertible proof of its success. In the first twenty months of the safety régime, compared with the previous twenty months, he said, 47 fewer employees had been killed on the Northwestern, a decrease of 27.9 per cent.; 4,471 fewer employees had been injured, a decrease of 31.4 per cent; 8 fewer passengers killed, a decrease of 36.6 per cent; 217 fewer passengers injured, a decrease of 16 per cent; 97 fewer other persons killed, a decrease of 24.3 per cent; 157 fewer other persons injured, a decrease of 15.4 per cent. In other words, in twenty months on one road the safety movement had prevented 52 funerals and had lessened the number of injured by 4,845.

The first time I called on Richards, I asked him how it happened that he had organized this safety movement. A look of sadness came over his face as he paused a moment before answering. "I have sat behind this desk for thirty-two years," he said, "and through all those years there has flowed into this office a sorrowing human stream of railroad cripples, railroad widows, and railroad orphans, each with a tale of sorrow and regret and sometimes despair—a hundred and fifty thousand stricken men, women, and children brought here because of railroading. I tell you," his voice rose with emotion, "if you had seen and heard what I have seen and heard, you too would have found a way to lessen this unending slaughter."

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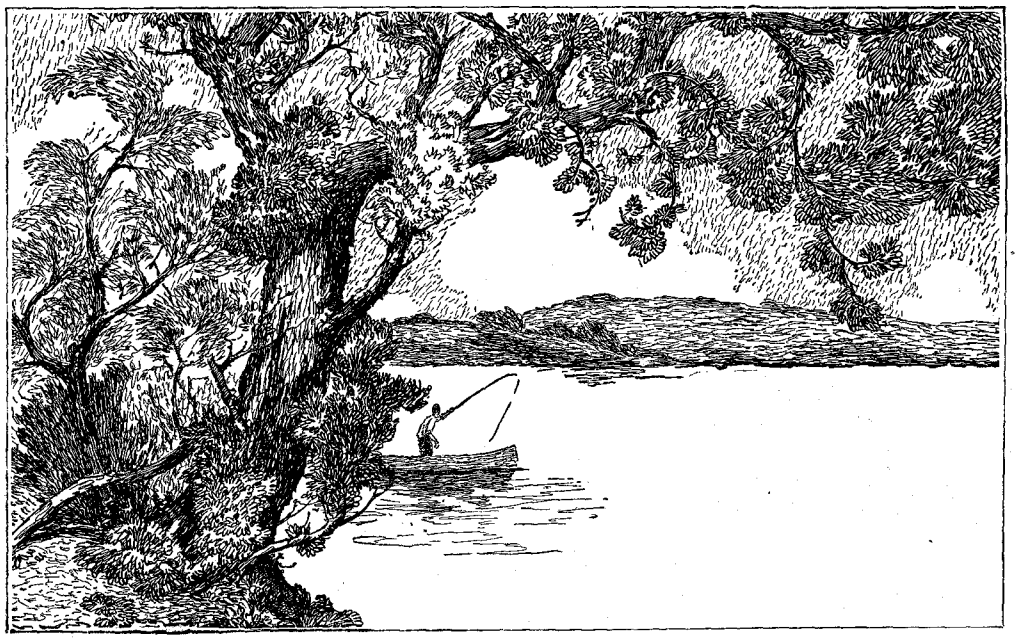
NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL



MAY—THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

THE lure of May is hard to resist. The air is soft and dry, the whole earth freshly green and full of welcome odors. Life is stirring and multiplying on every side, and all nature speaks of promise and fruition, and bids us with compelling urgency to witness her joy.

Never has foliage so exquisite a verdancy, for the leaves are not yet faded, nor dusty, nor worm-eaten. Distant woods seem shrouded in an emerald mist, and where chestnuts grow they stand boldly out from the background in a garb of buffy blossoms. Yellow, indeed, is the note of May's wild flowers. Dandelions bejewel lawn and roadside; out of the lush meadows rise great globular tufts of golden mustard; and lower down creep the modest potentilla and the yellow violet. The wild indigo, the glossy buttercup, the marsh marigold, beloved of gold-flies, and many another species display this rich hue, vying with a long list of white or vari-colored flowers.

Where petals are opening and tempting insects to rifle their sweets, paying in pollen, there will be insects enough to accept the invitation. It is a busy season for bees. The fertile queens of all sorts of wild bees and wasps which have survived hibernation, and now alone must revive their race, are hastening to found colonies where soon they will be feeding the earliest members of what, by and by, will become populous communities. Ants, too, are scurrying about on the same business, and each warm shower brings thousands of worms to the top of the ground. No "early vegetable" is advanced enough to escape the pests of the garden, and other pests are loose in the orchard and meadow, while swarms of minute flies glance in the sunbeams or waylay us as we go a-fishing in the full-fed streams; but butterflies are few until toward the end of the month.

This is the angler's favorite season, when he casts his fly for trout and bass, bobs for perch and sunfish, trolls for pickerel, and spears eels. The various perch and sunfish are spawning, and the black bass clear out their saucer-shaped nests in ponds and back-waters, enticing the females to place their eggs upon the clean gravel and then vigilantly hovering over the treasures left there, with fanning fins and angry repulsion of every intruder. Many excellent sea-fishes first appear in market, such as bluefish, striped bass, mackerel, and porgies, replacing the disappearing

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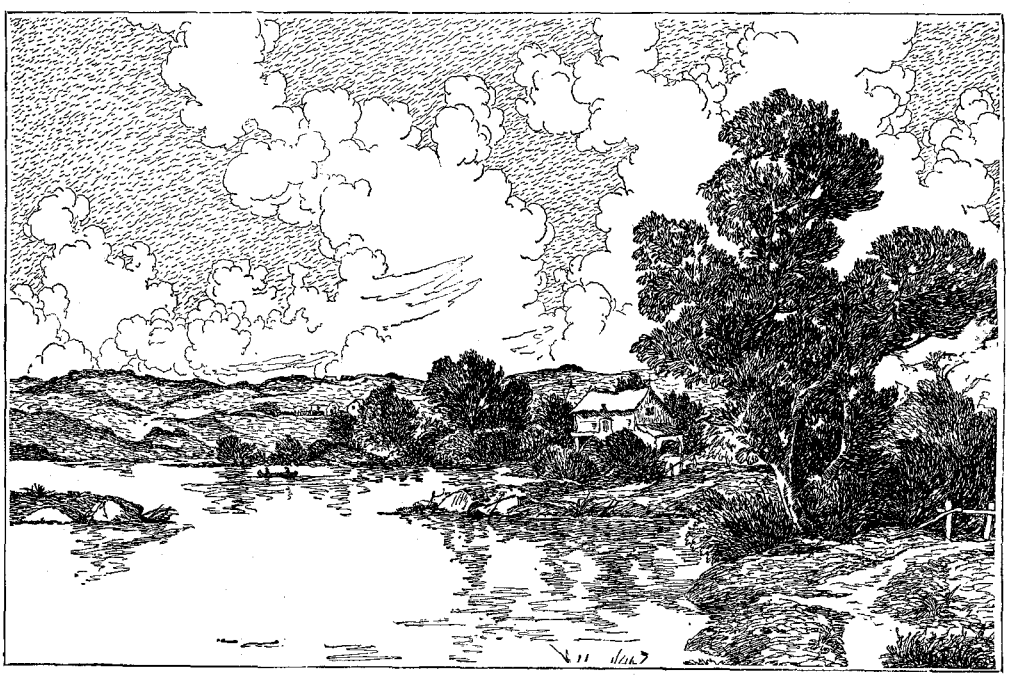
shad; for now these, with many other marine animals, approach the shore to lay their eggs. The smaller frogs have finished their duty of propagation and abandoned their tadpoles to fate; but the great bullfrog and the toads are still in the water, and mud-turtles and some snakes are already looking for places to deposit their eggs.

In this month are born the young of many mammals, which have now acquired their spring coats. Deer-mothers are nursing their fawns, while the bucks are hidden in retired harbors, their antlers only half-grown and tender. Four-footed animals generally, except mice and squirrels, keep quiet and well out of sight, fearful for their young.

But, after all, the highest interest of May to the naturalist is in the birds, which are crowding back from the south. There is constant coming and going, the latter being especially noticeable near the sea or along the great watercourses. April's forerunners, such as the robin, phœbe-bird, song, vesper, and yellow-winged sparrows, the barn-swallow, fish-hawk, quail, grouse, and some marsh birds, may have begun to lay eggs, or even be sitting, during the first half of May, in the region about New York. It is fairly certain, however, that the second week of the month will be afflicted by a long, cold storm; and it is not until this is out of the way that most of the smaller birds undertake family cares.

May is not, then, characteristically the nesting, but rather the returning, month of the woodland birds. Hence we may now count more species than at any other time, for most of the residents have arrived by the 15th, and those bound farther north for the summer are still passing. The bobolink rollicks in every meadow, chaffing the clear-voiced medlarks; swallows and swifts glance and curvet in the air; vireos exhort or question us in every grove; orioles make music in the elm-tops; the thrasher and Carolina wren keep up a noisy chorus in the orchard; and the new foliage sparkles with the flitting forms of small rare warblers, whose gay coats puzzle the amateur and are lost to view before he has time to identify the wearers.

Some days comparatively few birds will be seen, and the quiet of the countryside will be surprising; then a bright warm southerly wind, following a chilly one, will usher in a host of lively strangers, and so overnight each garden, grove, and roadside will seem alive with songsters. Thus in wave after wave, hastening forward through clear nights and dark ones, loitering by day to feed and rest, and pausing when storms block the way, they press forward—each to its well-remembered home. Few of the males are mated when they arrive, but this is speedily accomplished when the place of their choice is reached and the slower hen have overtaken them; so that by the end of May nearly all those that remain in the United States have built their homes and are watching their eggs, and morning and evening the air is filled with their songs.



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TALES OUT OF COURT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON GRANT

FIFTH TALE

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR

"THE jury will now retire to consider their verdict."

A fat court attendant arose as Judge Kinsley made his announcement, and, waddling across the floor, flung open the door of the jury-box with a wheezed "This way, gentlemen!"

For a moment the twelve citizens charged with deciding the case of "The Farm Supply Company vs. Gedney & Son" stared at the speaker like captive animals hesitating to exchange their customary quarters for the freedom of a new and unfamiliar cage. Then the foreman, a lanky farmer in rubber boots, stooped and began groping under his chair for his hat, and the others, acting on his example, slowly gathered together their belongings.

The closely packed spectators in the dingy court-room watched the scene in silent fascination. Up to that moment the occupants of the jury-box had been almost forgotten factors in the three days' desperate fighting which had marked the case at bar. The hand-to-hand struggle between the counsel had been so grimly absorbing that the lay public had had neither eyes nor ears for those who were finally to judge the issues and decide the cause. In the main it had been Richard Poinder, of counsel for the defense, who had dominated the stage, and Fraser County, hailing him as its legal champion against all invaders from the outside world, had barely refrained from giving open expression to its delight in his success. But Wallace Dunham, the metropolitan jurist imported by the Supply Company to uphold its cause, had frequently swept everything before him with terrifying force, and had never emerged from any encounter without having inflicted serious damage on his foe. And the fighting had been almost incessant. At times Judge Kinsley had loomed to the front, and, parting the grappling combatants with rough hand, had forced a temporary truce, and more than once the room had been hushed with dread expectancy as a witness and a lawyer had stood face to face in a duel to the death.

But now all these figures had faded and the group in the jury-box had become the chief actors in the most bitter controversy ever waged in the Circuit Court at Belo. Their decision was a matter of life and death for the firm of Gedney & Son. Probably any other house in the world of modern business, confronted with a giant competitor bent upon controlling or destroying it, would have avoided the issue by selling out to its rival or effecting some other compromise. But the senior partner of Gedney & Son was a gentleman of the old school who resented dictation. Indeed, he had asserted his independence so vigorously that he had almost invited the litigation which had challenged the further existence of his firm, and it was this human element in the drama that appealed to the audience, for every man in the room realized that the coming show of thumbs would tell old David Gedney all that he cared to know on this side of the grave. That he would ever live to see the end of his long fight had at one time seemed impossible, for his foes had forced him to a stern chase set at the pace that kills. But though the exhausting pursuit had not killed him, it had almost worn him out, and those who had known the energetic little old gentleman when he had first begun to haunt the lobby of the Reeve House and the other antechambers of justice in the county seat of Fraser County scarcely recognized him in the frail, nervous wreck that had kept close beside Mr. Poinder on the firing line throughout the entire fray.

It was not, therefore, altogether a callous or indifferent crowd that centered its attention upon the deliberate preparations of the men in the jury-box, and when at length the last pair of gloves had been picked up and the last missing pencil recovered and they passed in straggling procession down the center aisle with their arms full of hats, overcoats, overshoes, and umbrellas, like tenants escaping from a fire, every head in the room

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moved with them and every eye followed them until they disappeared through the entrance into the corridor. In fact, the whole audience continued mutely staring in the same direction until the sound of a closing door reached their ears, when they settled back in their seats again, relieving the tension with a general relaxing rustle and stir.

Even then, however, no one left the court and the silence remained unbroken save for the whispering of Abner Saltus, who had draped himself on the front of the Bench, and, with his eyes on the audience, was addressing his Honor behind a screening hand. From an end seat on the center aisle Old Man Reeve strove to attract his attention for no particular reason except that it always amused him to embarrass the Judge's confidential clerk with a steady stare and make him shift his gaze. But the man continued his conversation undisturbed, and the host of the Reeve House, pulling out his watch, held it so that Eph Bisland, who sat beside him, could note the time. The young farmer compared it with his own watch and nodded.

"That's 'bout right," he whispered. "Three thirty-one by mine. What of it, Pete?"

"Betcher they'll be back here in less'n fifteen minutes," explained the old man, with a jerk of his thumb toward the jury-room.

His companion shook his head.

"Not ef they're as slow at ballotin' as they wuz at leavin' the box," he asserted.

The hotel proprietor smiled.

"They'd have found a verdict without leavin' it at all ef old Wobble-Belly hadn't herded 'em out of it," he whispered, confidently, but his neighbor was not, apparently, convinced.

"I ain't sure 'bout that, Pete," he drawled.

"I ain't either," responded the old man, cheerily. "Nothin's sure 'bout a jury. But I'll make you a sportin' proposition, Eph," he continued, chuckling. "I'll give you a dollar for every minute they stay out after a quarter t' four ef you'll pay me at the same rate for every minute that it's short of that when you see 'em agin."

The young man slowly stroked his chin as he gazed at the veteran's round, good-natured countenance.

"Reckon it's lucky fer you I ain't a bettin' man, Pete," he declared, after a pause. "But ef you're hankerin' to gamble, maybe what's-his-name over there—the big guy they call 'the Resurrectionist'—would accommodate you. *He* don't seem to think it's worth his while to wait for 'em."

He bobbed his head toward the counsel's table as he spoke, and the old man, following his glance, observed that Wallace Dunham had risen and was being helped into his fur coat by a youthful clerk. Indeed, it was soon apparent that not only he, but Artemus Peck, the Supply Company's local attorney, and all the plaintiff's other supporters, intended to retire, for they were gathering their books and papers together and otherwise preparing for immediate departure. Their adversaries at the opposite table watched them with evident amusement, and something in Mr. Poinder's expression evidently challenged the Resurrectionist, for he stepped close to him as he drew on his chamois gloves.

"Haven't you had about enough of this parrot's cage, Poinder?" he inquired in a low, patronizing tone. "I'll lend you a clerk to receive the verdict, if you haven't got one."

Gedney's counsel smiled provokingly.

"Thank you," he responded in a penetrating drawl, "but *I* can afford to wait. Don't let me detain you, however. He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day, you know, and that's your best chance of surviving this verdict."

The faint sound of laughter which greeted this sally seemed to anger the metropolitan jurist, for he turned away abruptly.

"I'll leave a boy to bring me your scalp," he snapped over his shoulder.

"Good!" retorted Poinder. "But if he comes no nearer getting it than you have, Dunham, he'll return empty-handed. However, I reckon any boy could do better."

Again the ripple of laughter started, and this time it spread from bench to bench until the whole audience was chuckling, as the Resurrectionist and his retinue made their way toward the door. Then the spectators suddenly relapsed into silence, and the room remained as quiet as a church till a neighboring clock tolled the hour of four, when Judge Kinsley, rising from his chair, retired to his chambers through the door behind the bench.

Instantly a buzz of conversation started, swelling gradually to a perfect babel as the crowd poured forth its pent-up opinions, hopes, and fears concerning the jury and the probable meaning of its delayed return. For a time Mr. Gedney and his son held a sort of impromptu reception, in which hand-shaking,

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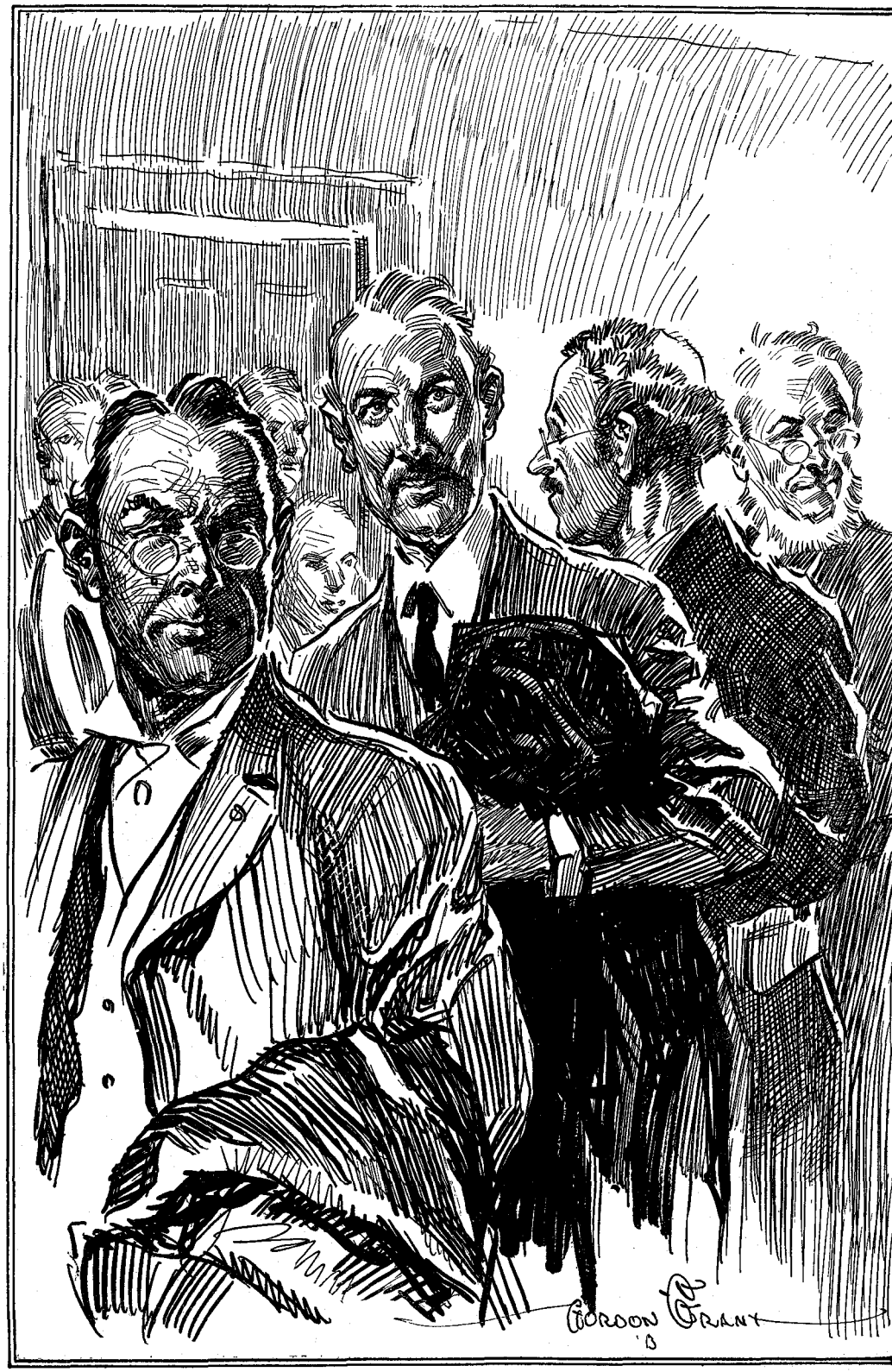

THEY PASSED IN STRAGGLING PROCESSION DOWN THE CENTER AISLE WITH THEIR ARMS FULL

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OF HATS, OVERCOATS, OVERSHOES, AND UMBRELLAS, LIKE TENANTS ESCAPING FROM A FIRE

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congratulations, and good wishes were mingled with head-shaking, well-meant sympathy, and ominous questions, until Mr. Poinder began to look anxiously at the flushed face of his gray-haired client and wonder if he ought not to advise him to return to the hotel. But the moment he suggested this the old gentleman turned on him with a burst of nervous impatience that might have ended in a scene had not Peter Reeve interposed with the comforting laugh which never failed to soothe his old-time friend. Meanwhile, the crowd had been slowly thinning, until by half-past four only a handful of people remained in the room, and, seeing that Mr. Gedney was engaged in conferring with a business friend, the host of the Reeve House motioned his counsel aside.

"What do you make of this, Mr. Poinder?" he whispered. "Think it's a disagreement?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you ask me for, Pete?" he replied. "You saw juries in this county before I was much more than born. What do *you* think it means?"

The old man glanced apprehensively at Gedney.

"I offered to give Eph Bisland a dollar for every minute they stayed out after a quarter of four," he responded, behind his hand. "That wuz my opinion then. But now—well, it might be an all-night job—or worse."

His companion nodded.

"Can't you persuade him to go back to the hotel?" he inquired, indicating his client. "He's been busy talking and hasn't realized how the time is slipping by; but when he does—"

"When he does he'll worry less right here than he would anywhere else," interrupted Reeve. "I'd like mighty well to stay by him, but you know the house is full er people, and—"

"I understand," assented Poinder. "Just tell Zeb to get the fire lighted in his room and put a flask of brandy where I can find it quickly if he needs it. He's got one? All right; but I've a notion that Kinsley won't keep this shop open much longer, and if he orders a sealed verdict—"

He paused as Old Man Reeve gave a low whistle.

"A sealed verdict?" he repeated. "Gosh! I'd clean forgotten that play. Don't you let him make it, Mr. Poinder. It'd be an outrage to keep Dave in suspense all night."

Mr. Poinder drew a cigar from his pocket and rolled it thoughtfully between his fingers.

"I'd rather have a verdict that I couldn't open till to-morrow morning than a disagreement to-night," he reflected. "But orders of that kind are apt to make the jurors agree, and Kinsley isn't as keen about having them agree as I wish he was. Don't you worry about sealed verdicts, Pete."

With a nod and a smile, the host of the Reeve House moved toward the door, opened it, and then paused with his hand on the knob. The daylight was almost gone, and the dismal court was entirely deserted save for the little group shrouded in shadow at the further end. For a moment the old man peered into the gloom with an anxious expression on his usually calm face. "I wonder," he muttered to himself—"I wonder if that really wuz a flask I felt in Dave's hip pocket. . . . Never knew him to carry a gun, but—"

His fingers slipped from the knob and the door closed with a slam. Mr. Gedney instantly leaped up, staring wildly about him.

"Lights—lights here!" he cried out fiercely. "The jury's coming—the jury's—"

Then he paused, and, glancing from Poinder to his son and across the vacant courtroom, sank slowly into his chair.

"That was funny," he murmured, weakly. "I don't know what—what startled me so. Of course they haven't come in yet. It's early—much too early. Isn't it, Mr. Poinder? You can't expect to have such a big case—such a long case—decided in a minute. . . . Can you, Pete? . . . Oh, has Pete gone? . . ."

Old Man Reeve slipped quietly out of the door, and, closing it softly, confronted the fat court attendant mounting guard on a cane chair at the foot of the little circular iron staircase leading to the jury-room.

"What d' you suppose is the matter with 'em, John?" he inquired, with an upward gesture.

"Reckon they've gone to sleep, Pete," responded the official. "I ain't heard's much as a pin drop since I've been settin' here."

The old man shook some tobacco into his pipe and slowly packed it in with his thumb.

"Humph!" he reflected. "That's a heap better than havin' 'em fightin' like cats and dogs, ain't it? But I kinder thought they wuz goin' to agree quick."

"Me too."

"Well, so long, John."

"So long, Pete."

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As tne storm door closed behind him, Old Man Reeve struck a match and stood lost in thought for some moments, mechanically puffing at his pipe and watching the lights in his hostelry across the village green. Then he shook his head and slowly started down the Court-house steps.

"Ain't quarrelin' or arguing or talkin' at all," he mumbled. "Just one of them settin', starin'-at-one-another, dumb obstinate kinds—I know 'em! It's a disagreement, sure."

The lobby of the Reeve House was uncomfortably crowded when supper was announced, for the widely advertised Gedney case had brought a surprising number of visitors to the scene, and the Bar of Fraser County, which usually reigned supreme in the old hotel, for once found itself in the minority. In fact, the charmed circle around the wood-stove included so many strangers that the legal brethren hurried into the dining-room at the first stroke of the bell, and returned after a scanty meal to forestall any further invasion of their rights, with the result that by half-past six they had regained complete possession of their favorite camping-ground. There was one layman, however, for whom the profession was always ready to make room; and as Old Man Reeve skirted the ring of chairs on his way to answer a telephone call in the office he was bombarded with invitations to sit down and discuss the latest news from the front. But for once in his life the veteran was not sociably inclined, and passed by with a glum shake of his head.

"He's taking this case pretty hard," commented Corning, as the old man disappeared.

Brundage leaned forward and knocked the ashes out of his pipe by tapping it against the stove.

"Why shouldn't he?" he demanded. "If your best and oldest friend was threatened with ruin, would you feel like cracking jokes or whooping it up much?"

The young man flushed.

"Of course not," he protested. "But there's no danger of Gedney's being beaten. The worst that can happen is a disagreement, and that's always a sort of victory for a defendant."

"Not always," corrected the State's Attorney. "The Supply people have got Gedney all tied up with this litigation. That's why they've fought so hard to keep him from getting a trial. A disagreement would be as bad as a defeat for him. His business would be ruined long before he could get another trial, which is a beautiful commentary on the way we administer justice in this land."

The speaker paused, and, answering a signal, tossed his tobacco-pouch into an outstretched hand.

"Now don't let's begin yapping at the evils of the law," yawned Thompson.

"Why not?" demanded Warren. "There are no laymen present. The longer we put up with such practices—"

"Well, those who can't put up with them ought to shut up," retorted Thompson. "There's more room outside the profession, you know, Warren, than there is in it."

"Tut-tut-tut," laughed Brundage. "We'll have to turn this circle into a prize-ring if everybody's going to pepper his words. Did any of you fellows have the slightest idea that the jury would be out as long as this?" he continued. "I didn't."

"There's no use trying to guess what a jury will do," asserted Plimpton. "A friend of mine had a promissory note case not long ago, in which the jury stayed out for six hours and then returned a verdict of 'Guilty in the second degree,' whatever that meant."

"Was that in a prohibition town?" laughed Bigelow.

"I can't say it was," replied Plimpton. "But I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the Resurrectionist had got this jury so mixed up with all his motions, exceptions, and requests to charge that they don't know whether to condemn Gedney to death or merely to fine him for being alive."

"Well, he certainly had Kinsley on the run," agreed Foster. "I bet the Hon. Jacob is glad to get a breathing-spell. Did you notice the way Dunham rushed him from the very start, making him rule on some point or other about once a minute and never giving him time to catch his second wind? I never saw a judge as scared and generally wild as he was at the end of the first day."

Warren nodded.

"Maybe there was method in his madness," he suggested. "It struck me that he was deliberately trying to make a mistrial of it by provoking Poinder into demanding the withdrawal of a juror. What's the matter, Pete?" he continued, as the proprietor reentered the lobby and started hurriedly toward the kitchen.

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"Matter enough!" growled the old man. "The jury's coming here for supper! On five minutes' notice, too! Isn't that just like Jake Kinsley? He's got 'bout's much sense as—well, ef he had any sense at all he wouldn't let them fellers have a smell of anything to eat as long's they disagreed. Starvin' and not stuffin' 'em is what'd bring 'em 'round!"

The veteran kicked the swing door open as he spoke and disappeared into the kitchen, leaving the lobby smiling but silent.

"That's the first time I've seen Pete on the rampage for a good many years," commented Warren, after a pause. "There's a whole lot of truth, though, in his theory," he continued, but stopped abruptly as the door opened and David Gedney entered, leaning heavily on his son's arm and staring straight before him like a blind man. Mr. Poinder followed with a clerk carrying books and papers, and the lobby silently watched the little procession as it moved across the room.

At the staircase Mr. Gedney glanced over his shoulder to see if his counsel was following him and then started upward, moving with painful slowness and resting on every step. At the first landing he swung around facing the room, and, as he stood there leaning against the hand-rail and breathing heavily, the door below suddenly flew open and John, the court attendant, entered, leading in the jury like the bell-wether of a docile flock of sheep.

For a moment the old gentleman on the stairway regarded the visitors with dull, uncomprehending gaze. Then his fingers closed convulsively on the balustrade and, leaning far across it, he scanned each passing face with horrible intensity, his lips moving as though in prayer. Suddenly his arm shot forth in a detaining gesture and his voice rang out with startling clearness:

"For God's sake, gentlemen—"

Mr. Poinder instantly clapped his hand over the speaker's mouth, and Brundage, slamming the stove door shut with a crash, managed to divert attention from the stairs until the deputy court attendant bringing up in the rear had herded the last juryman into the dining-room.

Every eye in the room was centered on Poinder as he slowly released his hand and gazed straight into his client's face.

"Don't lose this case for me, Mr. Gedney," he commanded in a tense whisper, and, slipping an arm around the old gentleman, fairly carried him up the remaining stairs.

The occupants of the lobby exchanged significant glances, but no one offered any comment, and the silence remained unbroken until Foster drew a long breath and, opening the stove door, noisily threw in a log of wood.

"I don't like this sort of thing," he muttered. "It takes all the fun out of practicing law. Damn Peck and Dunham and all such shysters, I say!"

"I don't know why you blame them," protested Thompson.

"Because they don't play the game," interposed Warren.

"They play it according to the rules."

"Not as I understand them."

"Well, they're not responsible for your understanding. Ask Poinder. Don't you suppose he'd have brought them up with a round turn if they'd overstepped the bounds? Of course he would! But he knows, and every other lawyer ought to know, what the rules permit—"

"Hush!" interrupted Brundage. "He's coming. . . . Hello, Dick!" he continued, as the lawyer hove in sight. "We've all been studying your jury on its way to the trough, and we've unanimously decided that they're with you to a man."

"That's right," assented Foster. "Some of us see it in their eyes, others know it by their walk, others tell it by their mouths, and I'm sure of it because the honest farmers carry their overcoats with 'em wherever they go, which proves that they suspect the Resurrectionist. But all these signs are equally infallible, and every omen is with you."

Poinder smiled faintly, but his face wore an anxious expression as he seated himself on an arm of Foster's chair and began rolling a cigarette.

"I hope you're right, boys," he responded, calmly. "I think myself that they'll agree before long, if—"

He paused, glancing slowly around the circle, but Brundage nodded reassuringly.

"Go ahead, Dick," he laughed. "There's none of the enemy present. If what?"

Gedney's counsel moistened the paper of his cigarette, and then looked up quickly.

"If Kinsley doesn't prevent it," he answered, quietly.

"Kinsley?"

The question was a whispered exclamation coming from right and left as the circle of chairs contracted; but Brundage was the first to put it in another form.

"How can the Judge prevent them from agreeing, Dick?" he demanded.

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"He can dismiss them when he thinks they've been out long enough, Tom, and, as he's been of that opinion for some time, he's likely to do it at any minute now."

"What!" exclaimed Foster. "They haven't been out four hours yet."

"I know that," continued Poinder. "But Kinsley began to get restless two hours ago. He called Dunham, Peck, and me into his chambers at half-past five and asked us if we didn't think it was about time that the jurors were discharged. Of course the Resurrectionist made a show of protesting, but anybody could see he wasn't sincere, and if I hadn't objected pretty strenuously I believe the thing would have been done on the spot. Since then his Honor has had two other conferences with us on the same subject, and each time I've had to fight him practically alone. I tell you I don't like the look of things—I don't like it at all."

"Why, I never heard of such an outrage!" commented Foster. "What's the matter with Kinsley, Dick? I always knew he was stupid, but I certainly thought he was straight. Isn't he?"

Poinder lit a match and sat idly watching the flame for a moment before he tossed it under the stove.

"Yes, I suppose he's straight according to his lights," he responded. "But everybody knows that he's ambitious for another term on the Bench, and it's pretty hard to forget that the Supply Company is quite a political power in this county. Very few of us could forget it if our job was in danger and election day was near at hand. As long as we elect our judges we expose them to just such temptations, and even when they resist them they're open to suspicion, which is almost as bad for their influence with the public as—"

"Oh, cut out the theorizing, Poinder, and get down to brass tacks," interrupted Thompson. "Do you mean to say that Kinsley's actually working with the Supply people?"

The lawyer slowly shook his head.

"Not consciously," he answered. "He knows perfectly well that the Company isn't anxious to have this case decided, and that they want to keep it hanging over Gedney's head. But he's persuaded himself that he isn't affected by this fact. What's troubling him is his 'record.' You've heard of his 'record,' haven't you?"

"Good Lord!" laughed Foster. "Who hasn't?"

"If anybody in this county doesn't know that the Hon. Jacob has been reversed less than any other judge on this circuit it isn't because he hasn't advertised the fact," commented Plimpton.

"Well, there you have the secret of the whole thing," resumed Poinder. "Dunham took two hundred and ninety-seven exceptions to his Honor's rulings during the course of this trial."

Brundage nodded.

"I see," he reflected. "There are two hundred and ninety-seven chances of his having been tripped up on some fine point of law, if the case is reviewed in a higher court, so he's decided to play the thirteenth juror and prevent an agreement."

"Of course," assented Foster. "If there's no verdict there's nothing to appeal from and his precious 'record' is safe. Naturally he prefers a mistrial. What judicial side-stepper wouldn't?"

"Especially when his fears coincide with political expediency," added Plimpton.

"No; give the devil his due," protested Poinder. "I confess that at one time I thought he was afraid of the Supply folks, but I don't now. It's the rules of evidence and the technical decisions that have cowed him and got on his nerves. Of course he didn't want to try this case, and you all know how hard he struggled to get rid of it. But I honestly believe he'd have judged it on the merits, without regard to his political fortunes, if there'd been no legal quibbles raised. It's only because he is law sick that he's playing into my opponent's hands. However, I'll tell you what I'm going to do—"

"Hush," interrupted the State's Attorney. "Here comes the jury."

There were no signs of dissension or trouble of any kind among the jurors, as they filed from the dining-room. On the contrary, they appeared in such capital spirits that their laughter and general lack of seriousness rather grated upon the watching group of lawyers, and, when they finally made their exit in a perfect gale of merriment, the lobby glanced anxiously and sympathetically at the counsel in the cause. But Poinder was absorbed in drawing patterns on the floor with the poker and did not look up till Brundage addressed him.

"You were just about to tell us something, Dick, when those merry picnickers interrupted," he observed. "What was it?"

"Nothing; except that I don't intend to

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"YOU AGREED AT ONCE! THEN WHY IN THUNDER DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?" THE FOREMAN DREW DOWN HIS LOWER EYELID. "DO YOU SEE ANY GREEN IN THAT?" HE DRAWLED

hold any more conferences with Kinsley in his private quarters," responded the lawyer. "If he is going to discharge this jury, I'm going to make him do it from the Bench in open court—where you gentlemen will find plenty of room on the front benches, if the spirit moves you to attend," he added, meaningly.

"By Jove, that's a good idea, old man," exclaimed Warren. "We can make it a sort of professional mass-meeting."

"As a silent protest," amended Foster.

Poinder nodded.

"I think his Honor wouldn't misunderstand your presence," he responded. "Can I count on you?"

"To a man," asserted Brundage, glancing confidently round the circle.

"Good! You won't have to wait long. I'm going over to the Court-house now and I'll let you know if you're wanted."

Poinder rose as he spoke.

"Hello, Zeb," he continued, as the handy man of the Reeve House entered with a fresh basket of wood. "Ask Pete if you can come across the green with me on an

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errand of some importance. . . . What's that? Abner Saltus is outside? All right. Tell him I'm coming. . . . I thought we wouldn't have long to wait, gentlemen," he went on. "The Judge's secretary has arrived with a message from the Court."

Half an hour later the occupants of the lobby, responding to Zeb's breathless summons, rose as one man and hurriedly followed him across the village green. The dimly lighted court-room was strangely silent as they entered and filed into the foremost seats. Judge Kinsley was on the bench, apparently absorbed in the perusal of a legal document. At one of the counsel tables sat Wallace Dunham in his big fur overcoat, poring over a time-table with Artemus Peck, while Poinder, almost hidden in the shadow, was busily writing at the other.

The Judge looked up sharply as the visitors entered, and the Resurrectionist, removing his big-rimmed, tortoise-shell eye-glass, stared at them in frank astonishment for a moment, and then glanced questioningly at his adversary. But Poinder continued his writing undisturbed, and it was not until Brundage slipped into a chair beside him that he turned toward his supporters.

"It's too late," he whispered to the State's Attorney. "He's sent for the jurors already. Dunham and Peck practically consented to their discharge, and he wouldn't hear a word from me. I've made pretty complete notes of everything that's happened, however, and I'm going to get a full protest on the record before he actually carries this thing through."

"He won't carry it through," muttered Brundage, confidently.

Poinder glanced smilingly at the well-filled benches.

"I don't know," he responded. "He's almost committed himself to it now. However, there's just a bare chance that—Hush! They're coming."

Every head in the room turned as the iron stairway rang with the tramp of feet, and in another moment the door opened and the twelve men entered, and, shambling up the aisle, took their seats in the jury-box.

Judge Kinsley, leaning across the judicial desk, watched them intently while the clerk called the roll, and as the last man responded to his name he addressed them in low, courteous tones.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you have now been deliberating on this case for several hours, and though I am loth to exercise the discretionary power of discharging you with which I am clothed by the law, yet I feel that it would be improper to coerce your judgment by further confinement. If there were any chance of your being able to agree upon a verdict—"

"Say, Judge," interrupted a voice from the rear of the box, "we agreed long ago, but the foreman said—"

The crash of the Judge's gavel silenced the speaker, but crash after crash was required to bring the audience to order. Then, glaring fiercely at the offenders for a moment, Kinsley turned slowly to the jury-box.

"Am I to understand, sir," he demanded of the foreman, "that you have agreed upon a verdict?"

"That's right, Judge."

Again the gavel crashed upon the desk, but the warning was unnecessary as far as the audience was concerned, and, noting this, the Judge turned and nodded to the clerk.

"Gentlemen of the jury," began that official. "Gentlemen of the jury, you say that you have agreed upon a verdict. How do you find? For the plaintiff or defendant?"

The lanky countryman in the foreman's seat rose slowly as the clerk concluded his formula.

"For the defendant," he responded clearly.

The festivities at the Reeve House were at their height, and Poinder, mounted on a trunk, was endeavoring to respond to a call for a speech amid a volley of laughter and applause, when Brundage, sitting on the office desk, with his arm flung fraternally over the foreman's shoulder, inquired why the jury had taken so long to reach their verdict.

"We didn't take no time at all," was the shouted answer. "We agreed on the first ballot."

"What!" roared the State's Attorney, trying to make his voice heard above the din. "You agreed at once! Then why in thunder didn't you say so?"

The foreman drew down his lower eyelid.

"Do you see any green in that?" he drawled. "Didn't the county have to furnish us with a free supper if we stayed out? You bet it did. We weren't born yesterday, Mister!"

The sixth and last tale of this serial, entitled "To Abide the Event," will appear in The Outlook of May 24

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BY THE WAY

The Japanese of this country recently showed their good feeling toward the American Negro in a significant way. Dr. Booker T. Washington lately visited Seattle, and at a reception in his honor, attended by 400 Japanese, money was raised by them which will provide for a free scholarship for a Negro student at Tuskegee.

The three models of Columbus's ships which were exhibited twenty years ago at the World's Fair in Chicago are, it is stated, soon to be prepared for a voyage to San Francisco, where they are to be shown in the Panama-Pacific Exhibition in 1915. The trip is to be made via the Panama Canal.

An indirect result of the opening of the Panama Canal will be the increased use of Chile iron ore by United States steel concerns. Mr. Charles M. Schwab is reported as saying that his company would use 200,000 tons of Chile ore in 1915 instead of 50,000 as at present.

The increasing use of automobile buses for transporting passengers in city streets is emphasized by the announcement that Pittsburgh is to have a bus line of this kind. The buses are to be thirty feet long, and will seat thirty-four people. In these days of asphalt pavements the use of auto street cars may become widespread, for the great expense of laying steel rails is thereby avoided.

Wichita, Kansas, has twenty-four "Gospel teams," or groups of enthusiastic converts who conduct religious services in halls, shops, the open air, or wherever they can get a hearing. These teams, an exchange reports, are the outcome of a revival conducted by Billy Sunday, the evangelist. They are said to have made 2,000 conversions in the last year.

A novel bequest is announced as being included in the will of a wealthy New England landlord. To each occupier of one of his houses who had been a tenant for more than one year he left $100; to each who had been a tenant for over six months, $50. It is to be hoped that this will may not be contested, for it suggests pleasant associations in relationships which are sometimes strained.

Not all aeronauts meet a violent death. The business, indeed, would seem to be safe enough if the career of Percival Spencer could be taken as a typical one. A despatch says that this aeronaut, who recently died, had followed his pursuit for forty-one years, had made parachute descents in China and Japan as well as in England, and had crossed the English Channel by balloon seven times.

In a recent Child Welfare exhibit of babies perfection was indicated by a score of 100. The most perfect baby out of 100 competitors had a score of 99. Among the twenty-one qualities enumerated in the score 10 points were given for facial expression, 5 for teeth, 5 for tonsils, 5 for shape of forehead, 4 for shape of eyes, 3 for shape of ears, 5 for energy, and 5 for disposition. Probably most of the average baby's associates would be inclined to rank "disposition" as 10 or even 20.

The familiar observation of historians that a conquered people frequently assimilates its conquerors has a striking illustration in the fact, as recorded in H. H. Statham's recently published "History of Architecture," that the Church of St. Sophia, when it passed into the hands of the Turks in 1453, changed the form of the conqueror's mosques—"the plan with a central dome became that of the Turkish form of mosque down to the present day; a remarkable instance of influence exercised on the form of national places of worship by a single building originally erected for a different faith and ritual."

Dogs are said to have been employed to guard railways in Greece during the recent war. "At Larissa in particular," says an exchange, "the entire railroad line was efficaciously protected by dogs." Dogs are also, it is stated, employed to guard the bridges in Paris for the purpose of giving the alarm when persons either fall accidentally into the Seine or jump into the river with suicidal intent.

White-Man-Runs-Him, a Crow Indian chief who was one of Custer's scouts during the battle of the Little Big Horn, and who survived the destruction that met Custer's little army because he had been sent to Major Reno for help, was lately in Washington. One of his errands there was the endeavor to persuade Congress to grant him the right to be buried with the soldiers who fell in the massacre. White-Man-Runs-Him, as his name seems to indicate, has always been a friend of the soldiers, and, as a loyal scout, he naturally wishes his last home to be among the men he fought with.

The tallest sky-scraper in New York City is said to be capable of withstanding a hurricane blowing at the rate of 200 miles an hour. The highest recorded velocity of any wind in New York since 1898 was on February 22, 1912, when the wind attained a speed of 96 miles an hour. These figures seem to indicate an ample margin of safety from all the winds that blow except the cyclone—and New York is out of the tornado belt.

An amusing example of what may be called the Anglo-American joke is this from an exchange: "My dear, listen to this, and tell me what you make of it!" exclaimed the elderly English lady to her husband, on her first visit to the States. She held the hotel menu almost at arm's length, and spoke in a tone of horror: "'Baked Indian pudding!' Can it be possible in a civilized country?"

William Averill Harriman, son of the late E. H. Harriman, the railway magnate, is to be head coach of the Yale boat crew this season.

W. W. Borden, another wealthy Yale man, became interested in the Hope Mission while he was at Yale, and resolved to devote his life to missionary work. He was in Egypt, pursuing studies incident to this object, at the time of his death a few weeks ago. He had expected to work among the Chinese in the province of Kansu.

The British Government, it is reported, is considering the adoption of a new method in meeting the "hunger strikes" of the suffragettes. Instead of forcible feeding with repellent prison fare, the plan is to present appetizing dishes to the "martyrs." That would be a contest indeed!—between the starving suffragette, on the one hand, and, on the other, *pâté de foie gras, filet mignon, chocolate* mousse, orange ambrosia, hothouse grapes, rare old wines, etc., etc. Martyrdom is easy when severity is the jailer; but who could blame the suffragette for surrendering to the French chef?

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